THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CI.—No. 1314

FEBRUARY 20, 1929

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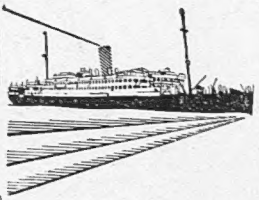

TO THE MEDITERRANEAN

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May 17. Morocco and Atlantic Islands. 15 days.* Fares from 27 guineas.

"*ARAGUAYA*"

June 28. Spain, Portugal, Tangier. 14 days.* Fares from 22 guineas.

July 13. Gibraltar, Tangier, Barcelona. 13 days.* Fares from 20 guineas.

July 27. Spain, Portugal, Tangier. 16 days.* Fares from 26 guineas.

Aug. 16. Venice, Dalmatian Coast, etc. 22 days.* Fares from 38 guineas.

"*ARCADIAN*"

Sept. 6. Venice. Dalmatian Coast, etc. 22 days.* Fares from 38 guineas.

"*ARAGUAYA*"

Sept. 13. Athens, Constantinople, etc. 24 days.* Fares from 42 guineas.

"*ARCADIAN*"

Oct. 4. Algiers, Constantinople, etc. 24 days.* Fares from 42 guineas.

"*ARAGUAYA*"

Oct. 11. Naples, Constantinople, etc. 24 days.* Fares from 42 guineas.

**From Southampton*

TO NORWAY

"*ARCADIAN*"

June 14. North Cape (Midnight Sun). From Immingham and Leith (June 15). 20 days. Fares from 30 guineas.

"*AVON*"

June 28. From London and Leith (June 29). 12 days. Fares from 19 guineas.

"*ARCADIAN*"

July 5. Iceland. Spitzbergen, North Cape (Midnight Sun). From Immingham and Leith (July 6). 20 days. Fares from 30 guineas.

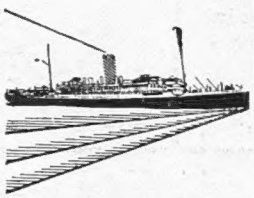
July 26. From Immingham and Leith (July 27). 14 days. Fares from 22 guineas.

"*AVON*"

Aug. 2. From London and Leith (Aug. 3). 12 days. Fares from 19 guineas.

"*ARCADIAN*"

Aug. 10. Northern Capitals. From Immingham and Leith (Aug. 11). 21 days. Fares from 32 guineas.



ROUND IRELAND

"*AVON*"

June 14. From Southampton. 12 days. Fares from 19 gns.

ROUND BRITISH ISLES

"*AVON*"

July 13. 16 days.* Fares from 25 guineas.

Aug. 17. 12 days.* Fares from 19 guineas.

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An example can be inspected in The Sporting Gallery.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
32, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C.2

The Bystander, February 20, 1929

No. 1314. Vol. CI.

The BYSTANDER

Raphael

Miss Molly Le Bas, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Le Bas, of Bryanston Square, W. She is a talented sculptor and has exhibited at the Royal Academy and the Paris Salon. Miss Le Bas is at present on holiday at Algeciras

The MYSTERY MAN in the NEXT ELECTION

Photographs Central Press and Topical

Mr. Lloyd George, the Mystery Man of politics, seen with his daughter, Lady Carey Evans, at Monte Carlo during his recent Mediterranean holiday. The picture is framed on the Casino, famed for big gambling and is appropriate of the bigger gamble still—the General Election result

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

writes on

GIRLS WHO HAVE MADE HISTORY

No. 5. Eliza Cook

Perpetrations by NORMAN KAY

WHEN Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the noted American poet and New York clubman, visited England in 1865 the usual mob of newspaper reporters met his ship at Southampton and the usual questions were asked, to which Mr. Longfellow made the usual answers. But when the special correspondent of the *Middlesex County Herald and Clapham Observer* asked the distinguished visitor abruptly:—

"Is it true that you are engaged to Pola Negri?" Mr. Longfellow flushed an angry red and turned on his heel in high dudgeon. It was not so much that the "affair" between Longfellow and the famous film-star meant "anything," but the fact was that he had crossed the Atlantic chiefly to visit his English friend Miss Eliza Cook, who was subsequently something of a poet herself. Hence the thought of anyone "getting at" him on account of his purely "platonic" liking for Pola Negri was doubly offensive to the "Little Song-Bird of Massachusetts," as he was called. He paced up and down the deck for some time, fuming, until the sight of a womanly figure, dressed in black b o m b a z i n e, standing on the quay and waving a cambric handkerchief, restored his equanimity.

"Whoopie, Eliza," called Mr. Longfellow, waving back.

"'Whoopie, Eliza,' called Mr. Longfellow"

"Whoopie, Wadsworth," came the ringing reply. In another three hours Mr. Longfellow was on English soil, and inquiring in his hearty New England manner after Eliza Cook's people.

"How's folks, Eliza?" he said.

"Bully," replied Miss Eliza Cook, who prided herself on being, like Cæsar's wife, an "all-round sportsman."

"How's l'il dog?"

"Bully! I mean," added Miss Eliza Cook (for she hated to be thought "behind the times"), "*swell.* Just *swell.* You swell, Wadsworth?"

"Sure, I'm swell," said Mr. Longfellowheartily. "You swell, too?"

"*It was she who inspired 'The Village Blacksmith'*"

"Sure, big boy," said Eliza Cook. And, as they grasped hands once more, saying "Fine!" a reporter hurried up and said: "Excuse me, Mr. Longfellow, but is it true that you are engaged to Pola Negri?"

"*Pola Negri?*" said Miss Eliza Cook curtly.

"Listen, baby," broke in Mr. Longfellow, grinding his teeth, "that's just my name for you, see? Pola Negri. Just one swell name for one swell hotsy-totsy. Sometimes when I feel blue, nobody else will do, just can't stop swaying, that's what I'm saying; Pola Cook. I mean," added Mr. Longfellow, biting his moustache, "Eliza Neg—Eliza Cook. And listen," he said, between his teeth, turning on the reporter, "oblige me by getting to h—ll out of it."

The reporter, much abashed, retired, and Mr. Longfellow and Miss Eliza Cook entered the waiting barouche and were whirled away.

* * *

This is not the moment to quote at length from Eliza Cook's poetical works, even if

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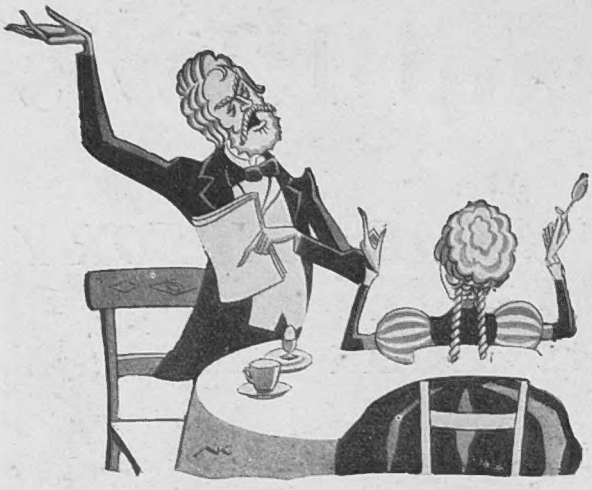


"Longfellow recited it to her one morning at breakfast"

such a procedure were all right with the Editor of THE BYSTANDER, which (I understand) it is not. She wrote a great deal of verse; but above everything it is her historic friendship with Henry Wadsworth Longfellow which is the salient feature of her career. It was she who inspired "The Village Blacksmith" and "The Children's Hour." The story of their "slight misunderstanding" over "The Wreck of the *Hesperus*," regarded in a proper light, is all to Miss Cook's credit. Longfellow recited it to her one morning at breakfast, while she beat time with a teaspoon; but directly he came to the passage:—

"Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her bosom——"

Eliza Cook gave a muffled scream and hid her blushes behind the tea-urn, for she could not bear freedom of speech or indelicacy in any shape or form.

"You get that, I suppose," she said bitterly, emerging from behind the urn, "from your *Hollywood friends?*"

"I suppose you mean Pola Negri?" retorted Mr. Longfellow, flaring up.

"*Oh, go and marry your old curly-haired Pola Negri,*" snapped Eliza Cook.

"Sure," said Mr. Longfellow coolly; and so he did, afterwards assuming the "stage-name" of Ramon Novarro. His performance as the dustman in "Drunken Mothers" (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer-Famous Players-Lasky) soon brought him fame. As "Husky Al" in "The Three Musketeers of Notre Dame" he sprang into stardom. Meanwhile Eliza Cook (with whom we are chiefly concerned in this brief appreciation) was not idle. Quickly doffing her black bombazine gown she enlisted as a trooper in the Fifth Life Guards, fought with conspicuous gallantry at Omdurman, and was afterwards given an under-secretaryship in the Board of Trade. It was then that she began writing verse, and saw her first accepted composition printed entire in *The Quarterly Review*. It took the leading critics by storm, and ran:—

"Quickly doffing her black bombazine gown"

IN ABSENCE

Stand forth, you, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow!
No doubt you esteem yourself no end of a "fellow"!
You think you can break a good girl's heart,
And then, on the films, go and play a "star" part,
But let me tell you this, I, Eliza Cook,
For this heartless conduct you will be brought to book.
Though the love of Pola Negri may seem fine and jolly,
'Tis but a piece of headstrong folly,
So please take this message from me to you,
And three cheers for the grand old "Red, White, and Blue."

Ruskin used to quote this admiringly as a perfect example of Post-Carolean lyricism, and I think we may let it go at that. Eliza Cook afterwards went (like her friend Annie Laurie) into politics, becoming known very soon as "The Rupert of Debate," or "The Sunshine Girl," and in 1879 became Prime Minister. In 1881 she was asked by the Queen to form another Cabinet, but declined respectfully, saying, with a curtsy, "No, thank you, Ma'am, thanking you kindly, and no offence taken where none meant."

"His performance as the dusiman in 'Drunken Mothers' soon brought him fame"

"Nod ad all, Miss Gook," said a friend of the Prince Consort, Baron Ratz, who up to now had taken no part in the conversation.

"Thank *you*, Sir," said Eliza Cook, curtsying once more. "And in conclusion," she added, "may all good fortune and good cheer be yours throughout each and every year; may Life's sunshine shine on you aye, both this and every other day. So here's to the fine old Flag so true, that waves for me and also for you."

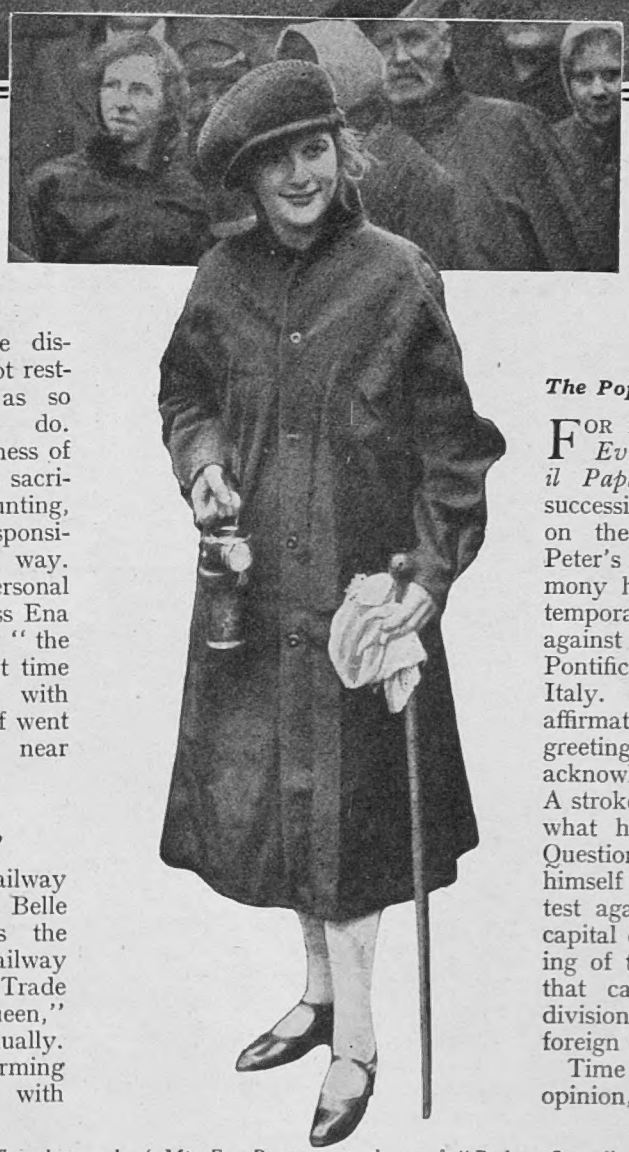
Her last Ministerial act, before retiring into private life in 1889, was to pass the well-known Street Dogs (Extended Powers) Act, enacting that all stray dogs should be named "Wadsworth" within seven days, or ten shillings.

D. B. W. L.

NEXT WEEK: THE DOLLY SISTERS

Although Mr. Wyndham Lewis did not adhere strictly to programme in previous articles in this series, the Editor guarantees that the Dolly Sisters "will positively appear" next week.

who when & where



Two photographs of Miss Ena Best, who is this year's "Railway Queen," a title bestowed annually by the Railway Companies under the Railway Trade Unions, and whose holder gives a semi-official blessing of the Companies at the Railway Carnival at Manchester. In the top picture Miss Best is seen at Newcastle on a visit to the birthplace of George Stephenson, the inventor of the "Rocket." In the lower picture she is seen about to descend a mine when paying a visit to the Grassmore pit, near Chesterfield

Sympathy for the Miners

No one could help admiring the Prince of Wales in his determination to find out the actual conditions of the distressed miners himself, and not resting content with hearsay, as so many pseudo-sympathisers do. Following on this, and the illness of his Royal father, H.R.H. has sacrificed his favourite sport of hunting, thus facing his heavy responsibilities in a most manful way. Another who believes in personal sympathy is a young girl, Miss Ena Best, called by railwaymen "the Railway Queen," who a short time ago visited mining districts with Mr. J. H. Thomas, and herself went down a pit at Grassmore, near Chesterfield.

What is a "Railway Queen"?

EVERY year there is a Railway Carnival, usually held at Belle Vue, Manchester, which is the semi-official blessing of the railway companies under the Railway Trade Unions by the "Railway Queen," who is chosen for the post annually. Miss Best is 1929's charming nominée, and in accordance with the close alliance that exists between the railways and the mines she has been speaking and sympathising with her less fortunate brethren, believing, as does the Prince, in seeing things for herself. Miss Ena Best, who is, I believe, the daughter of an engine driver, is seen looking most attractive in two photographs on this page.

The Pope-King

FOR fifty-nine years the cries of *Evviva il Papa-Rè! Evviva il Papa-Rè!* which have greeted successive Popes as they were borne on the *sedia gestatoria* into St. Peter's on great occasions of ceremony have been an affirmation of temporal sovereignty, and a protest against the absorption of the Old Pontifical States in the Kingdom of Italy. Now they are no longer affirmations or protest; they are the greetings by his followers of an acknowledged temporal sovereign. A stroke of the pen has swept away what has been called the Roman Question ever since Pius IX shut himself up in the Vatican as a protest against Rome being made the capital of United Italy and the seizing of the Papal States, a question that caused much bitterness and division of opinion both in Italy and foreign countries.

Time softens these asperities of opinion, but it has required the conjunction in their respective offices at one time of three men of vision—Pope Pius XI, Cardinal Gasparri, and Signor Mussolini—to bring about the

By Helen McKie

A member of the Noble Guard of the Vatican, who will now be permitted to leave the Vatican precincts

happy change in what has been a deadlock for fifty-nine years.

The question of Italian recognition of the Pope's temporal sovereignty has been raised before, but negotiations have always fallen to the ground, invariably on the point of territory to be restored to the Vatican.

Previous Negotiations

I REMEMBER once when negotiations were afoot the representatives of the Vatican stipulated that Civita Vecchia, at the mouth of the Tiber, together with a strip of land along the river bank from Rome to the sea, should be given to the Vatican in order that the Pope could pass from Rome to Civita Vecchia without touching "foreign territory." This plan was not feasible, but the chief reason put forward by the representatives of the Italian Government for its rejection brought about an instant abandonment of the *pourparlers*.

MUSSOLINI'S GREAT GESTURE

Cardinal Gasparri, the Papal Secretary of State, signing the Treaty that made the Pope a King, while Signor Mussolini looks on

What Could Have Happened

THE Italian representatives considered that such a cession might possibly give the opportunity for foreign naval aggression against the Papacy, and cause grave international trouble. In support of this theory they cited an instance of a Dutch Catholic bishop who had incurred the anger of an early nineteenth-century Pope and had been imprisoned in the Castle of St. Angelo. Feeling in Holland ran very high, and an intimation was sent to the Papal Government by the Dutch Government that unless the Bishop was released immediately a Dutch war-vessel would proceed to Civita Vecchia and bombard it. *Force majeure:* the Bishop was released.

The Blacks and Whites

IF this great and happy event had occurred thirty, even twenty, years ago, the social changes in Rome would have been almost revolutionary. But the passage of time, and especially the War, has done much to soften the old dividing line between the Blacks and the Whites, a line so sharp that it created two entirely different social worlds, neither of which for years would have anything to do with the other.

The Black nobles, as a protest against the loss of the Temporal Power, had nothing to do with the Italian Court, nor with those of their own order who supported the unification of Italy, the Whites. They lived in a world of their own, most of their womenkind wearing black perpetually in mourning for the Pope's loss of temporal sovereignty. As the years went by this was modified by the next generation, but the late Princess Massimo wore black to the day of her death.

A striking picture of Signor Mussolini appending his signature to the Treaty which has ended the long antagonism between Church and State in Italy

For foreigners who had friends and acquaintances in both the Black and the White worlds the situation could be extremely embarrassing if they forgot that the chief ladies of the Papal Court refused

POPE AGAIN A SOVEREIGN

By Helen McKie

One of the picturesque Swiss Guards at the Vatican, a Corps that is famous throughout history

to meet White ladies or anyone connected with the Quirinal.

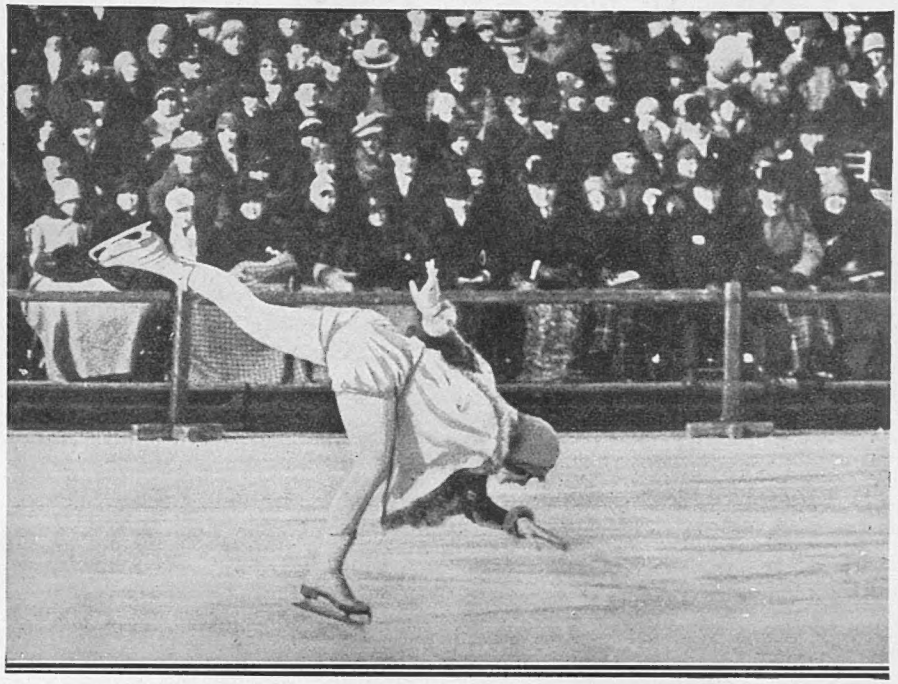
The Younger Generation

In the first twenty years of the deadlock some of the more protesting Black ladies never went into Society at all, hardly leaving their palaces except to go to church or to attend some ceremony at the Vatican or St. Peter's.

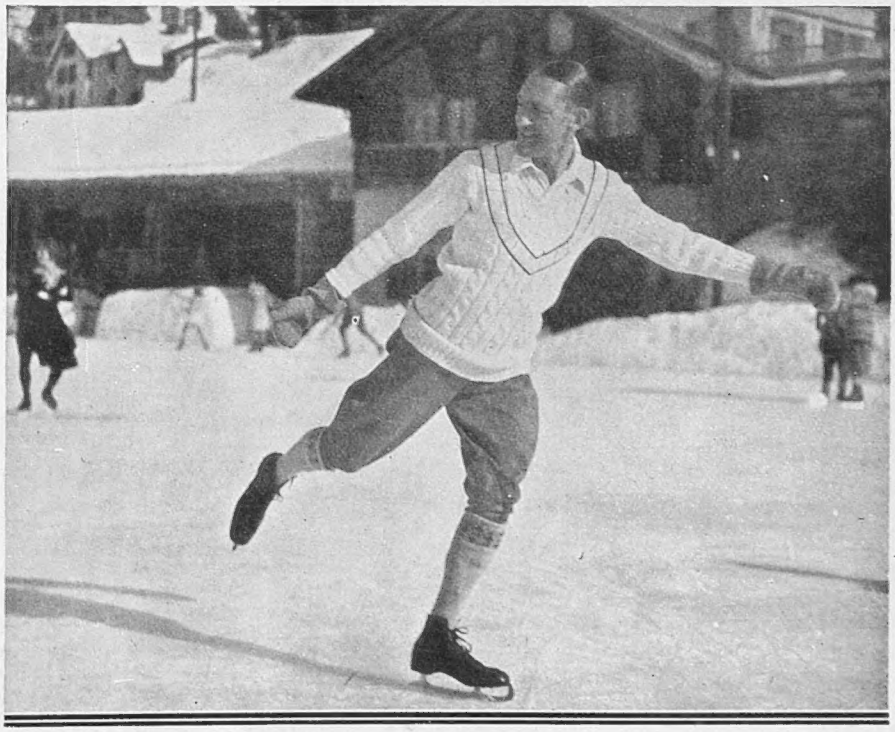
But changes came gradually. A new generation naturally enough could not view the situation with quite the same intensity as their parents, who with their own eyes had witnessed what their generation considered a sacrilegious despoliation of the Holy See. Besides, all the many gaieties of the Roman season—gaieties which increased with every year as new hotels sprang up and foreigners flocked to the Eternal City—lay with the Whites. So it gradually came about that one used to find some of the younger folk amongst the Blacks at parties and balls in the opposite faction that their parents would have perished rather than attend.

In Opposing Camps

Perhaps, however, the greatest social break that occurred in the Black and White tradition of antagonism came with the marriage, twenty-eight years ago, of Donna Vittoria Colonna, daughter of the then Prince Colonna, to Prince Teano, the eldest son of the Duke of Sermoneta. Prince Colonna was Hereditary Assistant to the Pontifical Throne, the Duke of Sermoneta's sympathies were wholly White. Princess Teano, who is now Duchess of Sermoneta, was one of the loveliest women in Italy, and was appointed one of Queen Elena's ladies shortly after her marriage.



"On the hands down" is what this picture looks like at first, but it is Miss Sonja Henie, of Norway, who has just won the World's Figure Skating Championship at Budapest



A popular stage favourite not on thin ice—Jack Hulbert wearing his inimitable smile, caught by the camera on the Palace Rink, at Wengen, Switzerland

WHY HAS THE PRINCE DECIDED

A general view of the Prince of Wales's stables at Craven Lodge, Melton Mowbray

The Prince arriving at Melton Mowbray for his last day's hunting. Owing to the frost, however, hounds did not meet

His Royal Highness at a recent meet of the Quorn

WHEN the Prince recently visited the Northern Mining areas to see things at first hand it is said that he was so greatly impressed by the poverty and also the fortitude among the unhappy miners that he returned to Town very much distressed and almost immediately afterwards decided to sell his magnificent stable of bloodstock hunters.

THE story is probably a canard. But in deciding to relinquish hunting that H.R.H. has made the greatest personal sacrifice in his power is undoubted. It is to be hoped, however, that his retirement from the saddle is only temporary. From its commercial aspect alone hunting brings big money into the Shires, gives work to thousands of persons who otherwise would also be unemployed, whilst the patronage given by the Prince to the Sport of Princes has helped many hundreds of humble homes. The news of H.R.H.'s retirement will undoubtedly mean a great blow to the Midlands.

TO SELL HIS HUNTERS?

Taking a jump on Cark Courtier when the Prince took part in the Brigade of Guards Race at a Point-to-Point

The Prince on his favourite mount, Just an Idea, the oldest horse in his stables, and the only one with which he will not part

A recent photograph of the Prince in the hunting field, where he will be seen no longer

RACING AT LINGFIELD — A FEW CHARMING PEOPLE

The Lingfield 'Chases are always a popular event and many Society people were present at this meeting. In the left-hand photograph, the Marchioness Curzon is seen with Sir Mathew Wilson. In the centre, the Marchioness Camden faces the sun and camera, while on the right Mrs Meyrick and Viscountess Hardinge are on their way to the paddock. In the Troytown Handicap, Transit and Gate Book dead-heated

The Turned Thrones

IN all the palaces of the Roman princes—the Massimo, the Colonna, the Aldobrandini—in one of the State rooms, and standing below a canopy embroidered with the Papal arms, is a throne. This was kept solely for the use of the Pope whenever he visited his Princes in the days before the unification of Italy. For fifty-nine years these thrones have stood beneath their canopies with their fronts to the wall, their high, carved and brocaded backs to the room, a sign that they would never be used during the Pope's voluntary imprisonment in the Vatican.

It is scarcely probable that, for the present at least, the Pope will visit any of his faithful Princes in their palaces, but the thrones have been joyously turned as a sign of the return of the Pope's sovereignty.

The Pre-War Decade

THERE is much of the atmosphere and the dignity of those *salons* of the pre-war decade about the concerts of the New English Music Society. The beautiful concert room of the Park Lane Hotel—I think it alternates between that and a ballroom—was full of chinchilla and sable to create a luxurious overture for Mr. Anthony Bernard's entry, with the London Chamber Orchestra, for the Society's fourth concert of the season.

The Smiling Conductor

MR. BERNARD is a sympathetic conductor, and where his right hand commands, the left is always cajoling from his orchestra the proper spirit of interpretation. His programme was sufficiently catholic to upset few prejudices, running from the last of Bach's work for his eminent patron, Christian Ludwig, to the extravagant anomalies of Stravinski in "Pulcinella," which really does not bear serious performance when deprived of Diaghileff's choreography. It was written for the ballet, not for the concert room, and even Mr. Bernard was smiling with his audience at the concluding trumpet wail.

The Marchioness of Cambridge and Mrs. Alan Swinton seen "hoping for the best" at the Lingfield 'Chases

Varied Languages

CONVERSATION in the interval was to be heard in languages as varied as the chosen composers of the evening — German, Dutch, French and Italian. Lady Lansdowne, chairman of the Society, was with Prince and Princess Reginald de Croy, the former being Counsellor to the Belgian Embassy, and there were also Baroness Margareta Palmstierna, the wife of the Swedish Minister, Baroness de Busch, herself a famous opera singer of the past, and Sir Ian and Lady Hamilton. Another concert of the week was that given by the Hon. Mrs. Kenneth Mackay, the wife of Lord Inchcape's son, and Mr. Sheridan Russell, Sir Landon Ronald's nephew. Mrs. Mackay at once allayed the scepticism that inevitably attaches to any amateur attempt by singing three Richard Strauss songs in an agreeably pitched mezzo-soprano voice.

THEATRES & "THE BYSTANDER"

HANNEN SWAFFER, the well-known writer on theatrical matters, is joining THE BYSTANDER. His first article on current plays and players will appear in our issue of March 6. Thereafter as a weekly feature.

VERNON WOODHOUSE, well-known in the world of the theatre, will write as our Dramatic Critic.

BY FRED BUCHANAN

Mrs. Newrich: "*Slater, have you informed your master that breakfast is served?*"
Slater: "*I'm sorry, madam, I cannot ascertain which bathroom he is in this morning*"

AT THE PLAY

MODISTE, MURDER & MUSICAL COMEDY

By James Challoner

SKETCHES OF "MR CINDERS" BY H. H. HARRIS

"Her Shop" at the Criterion

THAT industrious pair, Aimée and Philip Stuart, appear to spend their lives as dramatic dressmakers, prepared to fit any of our leading ladies at the shortest notice. Up to the present they have designed three models. The first, *Cat's Cradle*, fitted Marie Tempest, though for all I know it was bought off the peg. Last summer an S O S was broadcast that Violet Loraine wanted a play and Aimée and Philip got busy with a creation for her which they called *Clara Gibbings*. Now, once again, they have measured Marie Tempest, and it was surely apposite that the latest model by them in which she appears at the Criterion is called *Her Shop*.

IN this we see that delightful actress as a Society lady, separated for a time from a very nebulous husband, embarking in trade by purchasing the lease of the premises of a defunct dressmaker and starting in the same paying game. At least we are assured that Lady Mary Torrent would have done quite well—this takes some swallowing—but for the fact that her customers, though willing to order dresses, are in no hurry to pay for them.

THROW in several of these customers, and mannequins, who display dresses designed by famous dressmakers, season with comic relief from the owners of the shop's lease, a Jew, and a Scotsman called, with a feeble sense of humour which is sometimes displayed by the authors, Mr. McDonald and Mr. Jacob, and provide a happy ending by making Lady Mary get the better of these slim gentry and return to her husband, and you will get some idea of this harmless but mildly amusing play. But Marie Tempest is not mildly amusing as Lady Mary Torrent. The authors should be indeed grateful to her, for she imparts to none too wonderful a part an amazing sparkle and brilliance. It is on her performance that the play relies for success, but Edith Ramsay as a capable dressmaker's assistant affords her invaluable support. Thanks to these two, *Her Shop* should attract much custom for some time to come.

"The Sacred Flame" at the Playhouse

SOMERSET MAUGHAM is one of our elder dramatists who, from the point of view of craftsmanship, can give points and a beating to the younger generation. It is a real treat to those who can appreciate beauty of technique to note the subtle way in which he unfolds the story of *The Sacred Flame*, which Gladys Cooper has presented at the Playhouse. But not only is the construction beyond reproach; what is far more important to an average audience is that this dramatist has a rattling good story to tell, and one which grips the attention from the rise to the fall of the curtain.

THIS play is a murder mystery, an intellectual thriller which loses not one iota of its interest even though one knows beforehand who killed Maurice Tabret, a young married man

who has become an invalid for life through an aeroplane accident, a part beautifully played by Richard Bird, whose scene with his wife in the first act is one of the most affecting moments in the play.

BEFORE this takes place we guess that, in this case, pity is not akin to love, and that his wife, Stella, has given herself to his brother—a guess which is confirmed before the curtain falls for the first time.

AND the next morning Maurice is dead! The doctor is prepared to give a certificate, but Maurice's nurse, who was deeply attached to her patient, and hates his wife, enters a *caveat*. She can prove that Maurice has been murdered, and the motive for that murder is clear when she also declares that Stella is with child, and, as has been made plain, the father could not be Maurice.

IF ever circumstantial evidence were strong enough to hang a woman it is here. The doctor believes her guilty, so does an old flame of Maurice's mother, Major Liconda, who does his best to save her. That is as far as I will go with the story, to appreciate which at its full one should pay two visits to the Playhouse; the first time, not knowing the perfectly reasonable *dénouement*, and the second time knowing it, in order to see how fairly, and yet with what skill the author has played his cards.

THE part of Stella is by no means actress proof. Though it possesses powerful moments, delicate and artistic playing is essential if the full effect is to be secured. Gladys Cooper gets every ounce out of it. When she started her stage career she possessed beauty, but her acting was full of faults. By sheer hard work and intelligence she has eradicated these. She is still beautiful, but she is now, in addition, a most accomplished actress, with a wide range. If to be able to play such varied parts as the *cocotte* in *Excelsior*, and follow it up with the equally fine performance she gives in this play isn't acting of the first class, I don't know what is!

HER honours are shared with Clare Eames as the nurse (whose character may be summed up in the author's line, "the good are difficult to get on with"), an unsympathetic woman given many human attributes by an actress who, in a particular type of part, could not be improved upon. Sebastian Shaw, David Hawthorne, and C. V. France are all perfectly fitted, but Mary Jerrold, in the most important rôle of the invalid's mother, was a piece of spoof casting. Who could possibly believe that an actress who radiates loving-kindness could ever have killed anyone!—even with the best intentions! There! I've had to give away the *dénouement* after all, but it really makes no odds.

"Mr. Cinders" at the Adelphi

HAVE Clifford Grey and Greatrex Newman, the librettists of *Mr. Cinders*, the new musical comedy at the Adelphi, expended all their energies in writing a good part for Bobby Howes? It really seemed like it, for when this comedian was on the stage line after line got a well-deserved laugh. But I think I do both authors and actor an injustice in suggesting this. The reason why there was so

THE O.U.D.S. TACKLES "OTHELLO"

Ernest Milton as the one-time madman who thought himself a medieval emperor, with members of his "Court" in "The Mock Emperor" at the Queen's Theatre. The medieval costumes notwithstanding, the play of Pirandello's is set in the present day

Russell Thorndike and Jane Wood in a dramatic scene in "Thérese Raquin," Zola's play at the Court Theatre, photographed from the wings

much merriment when Bobby is on the stage is because he is a brilliant comedian.

BOBBY HOWES can only be spoken of in superlatives. He possesses a most pleasing and attractive personality; he is a beautiful dancer; his small voice is extraordinarily clear whether singing or speaking; he can be genuinely funny without effort; and, finally, he can impart that touch of pathos to his work which only really great comedians possess.

WITH Bobby Howes well fitted, and ably supported by Binnie Hale, whose long absence from the stage has not impaired her sense of character nor rusted her delightful dancing, there can be no doubt but that this twist of the old Cinderella tale will attract. These two *are* the play, but Jack Melford once again gives sturdy support in a second string *rôle*.

THE production is quite good in an obvious way, though the flowers that bloom on the stage in the last act scene appear to have no regard for the seasons! The music, too, will make an appeal to many, and the fashionable "plugging" gives one no chance of forgetting at least one of the tunes. What a chance was missed here by the old composers! "Take a Pair of Sparkling Eyes," for instance, might have become enormously popular had Sir Arthur Sullivan only been allowed to "plug" it!

The O.U.D.S.

THE performance of *Othello* at Oxford was notable for the fact that for the first time on record the production of the chosen play was in the hands of an amateur, Mr. Brewster Morgan, who performed his difficult task—far more difficult than that of the professional at a London theatre—with intelligence and success.

TWO members of the cast bear well-known names, for Othello was played by V. Dyall, a son of Franklin Dyall, who possesses as fine a voice as his father, while Cicely Paget Bowman, the appealing Desdemona, is a daughter of Paget Bowman, the amateur actor who was about the best Hamlet—amateur or professional—of modern times, and who died tragically last year.

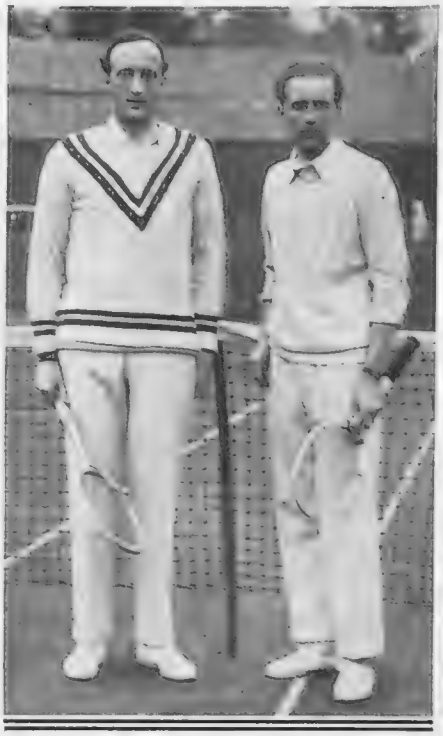
J. C.

BY SCHUS

"This is a real Velasquez"
"How do you know?"
"By the price I paid for it!"

RIVIERA GAMBLING: By Geraldine

Count de del Bono seen on a Riviera morning with Miss V. Rice, the well-known American lawn tennis player



Lord Charles Hope and Mr. Worm (better known as "Louis") at the Gallia Club Tournament at Cannes

ONE of the things which strikes me most forcibly is the comparatively small part which gambling takes in the life of pleasure on the Riviera. Naturally, where play is permitted a few real gamblers will be found, people whose life is so devoid of more human interest that their whole mind and soul is devoted to the purely artificial joys of the "heads I win, tails I lose" of the green baize table.

BUT for the most part these ardent gamblers are either millionaires whose only pleasure is in money and who must therefore toy with it in their lighter hours, or middle-aged women whose life, for various reasons, is so emptied of joy and whose minds have become so fossilised that they are unable to direct their intelligence towards more gracious pleasures, more intellectual pursuits. This type is repeated in every country in the world; in England they become Bridge fiends or devote their lives to pet dogs and gossip; in France they gamble. At any rate, their utility to the world is finished, so they might just as well get any pleasure they can from the click of the roulette ball or the handling of cards.

FOR the most part, however, the gambling rooms in the various casinos are looked upon as an amusing rendezvous. People stroll through to find their friends, to play for an hour or two after dark until changing time, and again after dinner for a while before moving on to dance and sup. But it is, after all, a cheerful gamble! Few people play for more than they can afford,

H. Cochet (the famous French International) making a high return at the Gallia Club Tournament at Cannes

and that atmosphere of vice and cupidity depicted in lurid novelettes for the edification of the emotional servant-girl type of reader is, happily, conspicuous by its absence!

ONE of the greatest attractions of the present-day Riviera is the increasing interest being taken in sport. The golf links are invariably crowded; great pains are being taken to raise them to a higher standard of excellence, and now good golf may be had all along the Côte d'Azur, from Hyères to Mont Agel. (By the by, after many years of struggle the hurdles which spoilt the course at Hyères have been replaced by sand bunkers.) The Nice course has been improved beyond recognition by the acquisition of new land and general alteration of the course. Mandelieu, with its fairways bounded by rows of most lovely umbrella pines, is as attrac-

A snapshot of Fraulein Cilly Aussem, the German lawn tennis star, at Cannes. She is seen by the Mercédès which her mother has recently given her

PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

tive as ever, while the comparatively new course at Mougins, although called "the millionaires' golf course," is most certainly worth a visit if only to enjoy its beautiful position and the elegancies of its clubhouse.

LAWN tennis is becoming more and more popular. The tournaments at Cannes, Beaulieu, and Monte Carlo are attracting more and better players, and although Suzanne is no longer here to draw crowds to watch her marvellous tennis and still more amazing antics, Miss Betty Nuthall, Miss Eileen Bennett, and Mrs. Satterthwaite, apart from many other excellent players, are most certainly well worth watching.

Miss Eileen Bennett and Mr. Simond at the Carlton Tennis Club, Cannes, where Miss Bennett won the women's singles. Mr. G. M. Simond is the well-known referee

AS to the new La Festa courts at Monte Carlo, they are marvellous, and the luxury of their surroundings is reminiscent of America's famous country clubs. With so much to attract in the way of sport, golf, tennis, polo and sailing, there is no need to spend one's day from hotel to bar, from bar to Casino—nor do many people do it!

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A group at the Carlton Tennis Club, Cannes. Miss Betty Nuthall, Miss Joan Fry and S. W. Harris, the old International Rugger player and ex-Middle-weight Champion Boxer of South Africa

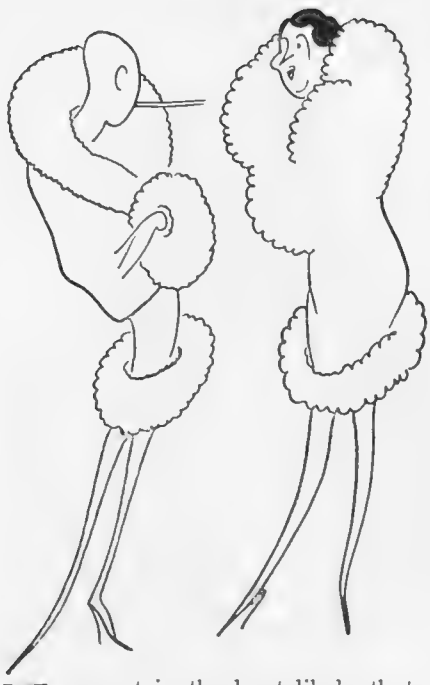
ANOTHER thing I find people are apt to forget when they discuss this corner of France is the fact that it is quite unnecessary to lead an entirely artificial life if this does not appeal to you. Apart from games, gambling, and dancing, there is a very beautiful and attractive hinterland to the Riviera which may be explored on foot or by car. There are numberless fascinating walks and drives awaiting the energetic who are tired of so-called fashionable life and stuffy casino air.

ONE of the loveliest drives in the world is from Nice, through the wonderful Gorge de Loup, up to Gourdon, an amazing mediæval village perched at the top of what must once have been an inaccessible crag. It possesses a lovely old château, and the view from the "Place" gives one the sensation of losing sweetly and suddenly one's individuality and becoming some god-like creature permitted to look over the edge of the world. From there one should go on to Grasse, with its scent factories, which seem to fill the very air of the old town with an exquisite fragrance. Then there is St. Pol to explore, perched on a miniature mountain, surrounded by impregnable battlements and now placidly surveying a landscape of beautiful and fertile small valleys. It's indeed a fascinating pastime exploring the narrow cobbled streets of these old French towns and villages.

G. P. O.

Miss Betty Balfour, the screen star, caught by the camera at Cannes, where she has recently arrived from Vienna. She has been making a picture entitled "Champagne"

if—Gossip—



IT IS not in the least likely that the Prince of Wales will give up hunting. Far too much importance has been attached to the announcement that he is to sell some of his Craven Lodge horses. This, as a matter of fact, he has done every year, as do most hunting men when March draws near.

What he will not do is to take part in point-to-point races. There was some respectful criticism of this portion of His Royal Highness's activities last year, prompted solely by anxiety for his safety. Now, with the illness of the King, and the Prince's additional duties as a member of the Council of State, it would have more point than ever. Frankly, point-to-point racing is a dangerous business, and the Heir to the Throne should not lay himself open to its grave risks.

BUT hunting, though not without serious possibilities (some of its attraction would disappear if it were), does not "ask for trouble" to quite the same extent. Moreover, it is the Prince of Wales's real passion, and he works quite hard enough to earn a right to indulge in it. Shooting he does not care for overmuch, neither does he fish, and his interest in golf is only fair to moderate. So why grudge, as some do, His Royal Highness his most important relaxation, particularly since, if he were to abandon it, his action would be regarded as a victory for half the cranks and down-with-sport fanatics in the country?

And what would the American funny writers, bereft of their one poor little joke, do then, poor things?

MASTER'S Club—no, it is not a night-club or anything to do with one, nor is it in charge of the mother-in-law of any member of the peerage—is an extraordinarily likeable spot in Savile Row, and may be regarded as the very devil of a place among the tailors. I have lately had the best cocktail I ever had in a cock-and-hen club, have admired the light wood panelling, and have wondered at the meaning of those strange grey and black frescoes. "Master's" is so select that mistresses are not admitted, and that may account for the fact that on this occasion it seemed quite deserted. I believe the membership, which is mainly Lord and Lady Blandford, Lady Alexandra and "Fruity" Metcalfe, Lady de Trafford, *et hoc genus omne*, is only about a couple of hundred or so.

THIS is all very well in its way—and I do not want to be thought to be giving advice to any club, especially one whose members are quite wealthy enough to do without advice. But unless a club, even of this small size, has about four or five hundred members it is bound to pass through anxious times financially. Half a dozen people to lunch and dinner are not a lot of use, though I can understand the desire to keep out all who have any suspicion of being "outsiders."

By Wilson Tenning

'I say! Do you believe that awful tale about her?"

"*Ra-ther!* Tell me, what is it?"

The ideal way of running this type of club is to have enough members to make the subscriptions pay all expenses, so that any profit from food or drink will be clear profit.

LORD LURGAN is, at the time of writing, a "'flu" victim, but his constitution is first-rate, in spite of his seventy years. He has led the healthiest of lives, and he has a cheerful disposition, so he is likely to shake it off pretty soon. But for the time being his familiar figure—he always wears a dinner jacket, and is faithful to the old-fashioned opera

Police recruits at Peel House, Westminster, learning how to handle obstreperous prisoners—including, of course, night club offenders.

we__must__

hat—is absent from first-nights and from the Ritz and Carlton board meetings. "Bill" Lurgan manages to be a good business man, without being grim or offensive about it, and therein he resembles his predecessor in many directorships, the late Harry Higgins, who was his lifelong friend. The extent, by the way, of Mr. Higgins's fortune, about £13,000 only, was a great surprise to a good many people, who imagined him to be a very rich man indeed.

DEEP friendship between parents and their offspring is rare nowadays—I believe it is not regarded as fashionable—but Lord Lurgan and his only son, young William Brownlow, are very pleasant exceptions to the rule. Lady Lurgan, a lovely woman, died many years ago, and father and son live together in a comfortable house, full of beautiful things, overlooking Hyde Park. Young Brownlow, who has his father's and his mother's good looks, is a plus man at golf, and pretty capable at all that sort of thing, but he is unlike the average modern athletic youth in that he has a first-class piano, and uses it. Not only is he fond of music, he has a considerable technical knowledge of it. And his interest in French history of the Revolutionary period amounts to a passion. No, he is *not* a Bright Young Thing. I have never yet met a Bright Young Thing who is bright. Most of them are not even young. I will leave them the Thing.

IT was Mr. Justice Eve who once remarked, when Sir Thomas Beecham's financial affairs were before him and a loss of hundreds of thousands of pounds in opera was disclosed, that "it is a pity he could not have wasted his money on something sensible." I then discovered that the learned judge had described his own hobby as "pig-breeding"!

BUT Sir Thomas has now received another smack, for acting for the public benefit. This time it comes

Charles Laughton, the brilliant young actor whose wedding to Elsa Lanchester took place recently. The time and place were kept so secret that only four or five people apart from the bride and bridegroom were present at the Henrietta Street Registry Office

By Starr Wood

YOUNG WIFE: "Cook, you were disgustingly inebriated last night. What excuse have you got to offer?"

COOK: "I was only celebratin' me arrival in the twenty-fifth job what I've 'ad in the last six months, ma'am"

Elsa Lanchester, who is now Mrs. Charles Laughton. She's a clever young player, whose piquant features and dark red hair give her outstanding personality

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM AND HIS DETRACTORS

"He is always begging me to marry him and share his lot"
"But, has he *got* a lot?"

from a professed lover of music. An anonymous writer in *The Times* suggests that the new Beecham operatic scheme will never have any success until Sir Thomas retires from supreme direction of it, and hands that over to some vague body of people of "academic, social, and commercial responsibility."

WHAT nonsense this is! And what impertinence! I know that academic gang, and would warrant that they will kill any scheme stone dead in a couple of months. Nothing will be done by any governing committee with no practical knowledge of running opera, who will inevitably squabble among themselves.

SIR THOMAS has made mistakes in the past, but he has also *done things*—and done much. His experience is vast and he knows how to profit by it. Operatic direction must have a Mussolini at its head, and a Mussolini with knowledge, money, and enthusiasm. Sir Thomas will never consent to be ruled by a set of amateurs or semi-amateurs, however well meaning. Why should he?

LADY CUNARD has rushed into print in his defence, and her attitude is that of all sensible people.

ARTHUR WIMPERIS is at work on a new play, one much to his liking, and so immersed is he that he has not even had time to do any hunting lately. His tongue is as quick as ever and his wit as brilliant. Not long ago his choice at lunch was boiled cod and oyster sauce—an excellent choice, too, when the cod is good. On this occasion, alas! the cod had seen better days, and was swiftly approaching the time when it would see far worse ones. "Waiter!" called "the Wimp" softly, "this is the piece of cod which passeth all understanding!"

I SPOKE last week of musical comedy stars going into gilded retirement. There is one star in (more or less) gilded retirement from which no inducement can make her emerge. I refer to Mrs. Buckmaster—Nellie Taylor. She can sing, act, dance, and look delightful, but she positively detests doing any of these things in public. She is one of the few actresses of my acquaintance whose detestation of the stage is perfectly genuine, and not confined to the periods when the stage may not be behaving any too well to them. Nellie Taylor spends half her time at her house at Frinton-on-Sea and the other half at her flower shop off Bond Street, and provided she does not have to come within smell of a stick of greasepaint she is quite content.

IT was into this flower shop one day last week that C. B. Cochran strolled, on business bent. His business was not flowers. In the presence of her husband, Captain Buckmaster (the genial "Buck"), and Mr. Duff-Cooper he offered the fair proprietress £200 a week to appear in the operetta Noel Coward is writing. She refused. He repeated his offer by letter that night. Again she refused. "My nerves wouldn't stand it," she has often told me. "They tell me to pull myself together. But I don't think there is anything to pull together."

NOEL COWARD'S next job in London will be to supervise this operetta. He is now playing in *This Year of Grace* in New York, where it will probably run until the hot weather, but I imagine he is a bit bored with it by this time. "Pegasus at the Plough" sort of thing. Later he is to tour India and Japan in repertoire.

ALL London taxicabs are, by police regulation, now obliged

Mr. Neville Chamberlain, [illegible] Carrysville, Fermoy, in C[illegible] season. English politicians a[illegible]

TAXIS AND THE NEVER-OPEN DOOR

A recent photograph of Miss Jill Esmond Moore. She is playing in John Drinkwater's comedy, "Bird in Hand," which is still strong on the wing at the Royalty Theatre

to have a pass guard over the door-catch for the safety of passengers. Why, I do not know. For years it has been the most difficult thing to open a taxi door from the inside, even when one is so desperately anxious to do so that one employs a savage hack for the purpose. And if suicide is contemplated why lean up against a taxi door when "What is home without a gas-oven?" is the latest domestic slogan? Far more necessary is the provision of an electric light, for reading purposes, in taxis. At present the only taxis possessing lights that function are those which turn them on just at the least desirable moment.

Minister of Health, and Capt. John Murray Cobbold a ork, where the former caught the first Irish salmon of the soaking Irish waters in an endeavour to land the big fish of the General Election

Miss Cathleen Nesbitt, one of the principals in "Fame," the new play which Sir Gerald du Maurier is to produce at the St. James's Theatre

THE pother about auction bridge and contract bridge, and the questioning of the authority of the Portland Club—after all, the Portland *is* the authority, and why should we be Americanised in card games, as in everything else?—is likely, I gather, to bring whist into popularity again in the more aloof card-playing circles. Whist continues to flourish, of course, at those mysterious gatherings in suburban town halls, where a cheap entrance fee is allied to tempting money prizes for a "top," whatever that may mean. But there are one or two old-fashioned clubs where they continue to play it—the Referee, the Athenæum, and the Wyndham, I believe, and I hear they are to start it again at "The Rag." Sir Felix Schuster is a great whist expert.

Miss Audrey Carten, who with her sister wrote Sir Gerald du Maurier's new play "Fame." She was formerly on the stage and played with Sir Gerald in "The Dancers" a few years ago

WITH the death of Lily Langtry dies the last of the famous Victorian Beauties. The "Jersey Lily" was famous for her looks long before the stage threw an added light on her when her first appearance was engineered by Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft. This was more or less a "publicity stunt" on their part, for she was never a great actress, but there were other reasons than acting which made her appearance on the stage of great interest to the public. Mrs. Langtry—who in later years became Lady de Bathe—had not acted for quite a long while, though I saw her at the Coliseum in a silly one-act play a few years ago. This was, I believe, her last appearance on the stage. At one time Mrs. Langtry had a beautiful house in Chelsea, a feature of which was some stained glass of original design in which three ostrich plumes were a prominent feature.

By Norman Kay

AN ARTFUL CARD: GENERAL ELECTION PLAYS THE ACE

CONTRACT BRIDGE

By "ACES EASY"

From Whist we progressed to Bridge; from Bridge to Auction; from Auction to Royal Auction; now from Royal Auction to Contract. The Continent is Contract-mad; while in America the great players are enthusiastic over the latest offspring of "Ole Man Whist." Even the Portland, that stronghold of card conservatism, has regularised the new game by issuing for it provisional laws based entirely on the American code.

In Whist we had a game where the highest skill in actual play was necessary; in Bridge things grew easier; in Auction things were even more simple; while in the game that has held sway for the past fifteen years a skilled player could, after free bidding, place almost every card with precision. Conversely, the bidding grew more and more intricate with every development of the game.

Contract has been defined as a development of Bridge which will legislate the poor bidder out of the game, and the neophyte will undergo, it is said, more than the agonies of Mr. Pickwick with the Whist harridans of Bath. It is, however, equally true to say that Contract is the game which will appreciably raise the Bridge-playing standard of the world.

I would recommend to every community of Bridgeites that they should try out the game, but at no more than one-quarter their usual stakes. Thereby all will learn together, and the Bridge in a few weeks will improve out of all recognition.

The essential difference between Contract and ordinary Royal Auction lies in the fact that, as its name implies, Contract deals primarily with the number of tricks bid, or contracted, for. In Auction, one bid a Spade, was left in, made Grand Slam, scored Grand Slam, and praised God; in Contract one bids a Spade, is left in, makes Grand Slam, scores (below the line) One Spade, and curses.

Tricks made above the contract give a bonus to the scoring side, but only above the line; to make a game in one fell swoop one must bid a game—three No Trumps, four of a major, or five of a minor.

The scoring at Contract differs profoundly from that at the older game. No Trumps count 35 points per trick; the major suits 30; the minors 20. For bidding purposes, however, as in Auction, Spades outrank Hearts, and Diamonds outrank Clubs. Majority calling is used throughout.

For every game scored a bonus of 100 above the line is awarded; for Rubber, if won in two straight games, 700; if won in three games, 500.

Honours of the Trump suit are scored only when four or five are held in one hand. Five honours in one hand score 150 points; four in one hand score 100—irrespective of what suit is Trump. Club honours when Clubs are trumps count as much as Spade honours when the black major has been finally called. In No Trumps only four aces in one hand are scored, counting 150.

The question of bonuses is regulated by the question of *vulnerability*; a side is said to be *vulnerable* when it has won one game towards the Rubber. At game all, both sides are vulnerable.

Trick and honour scores are not affected by vulnerability. The bonuses that are so affected follow:—

	Not Vulnerable.			Vulnerable.		
	Undoubled	Doubled	Redoubled	Undoubled	Doubled	Redoubled
Making Contract ..	0	50	100	0	100	200
Over Tricks (per trick) (tricks scored in excess of contract for which a bonus above the line is given).	50	100	200	50	200	400
Under Tricks (Tricks by which contract is defeated):						
For the First Trick ..	50	100	200	100	200	400
,, Second Trick	50	100	200	200	400	800
,, Third Trick ..	50	200	400	200	400	800
,, Fourth Trick	50	200	400	200	400	800
For Subsequent Tricks (per trick)	50	400	800	200	400	800

For Slams *made* no bonus is given. For Slams *bid and made* the bonuses are: Small Slam, not vulnerable, 500; Grand Slam, not vulnerable, 750. Vulnerability doubles the bonuses in both cases.

Methods of bidding are considerably affected by the requirements of the new game; the soundest card valuation system and conventions of bid and raise at Contract will be indicated in a subsequent article.

To those anxious to start I would commend the greatest conservatism in bidding and sanity in raising.

Those who desire the full rules of the game will find them incorporated in "Milton Work on Contract Bridge" and "Lenz on Contract"—two excellent text-books on the game. Leaflets of rules will be supplied free of charge to all who care to write to the Secretary, The Portland Club, 9, St. James's Square, London, S.W.1, enclosing a stamp for reply.

BY CHLOË PRESTON

COLLARED FROM CRUFT'S!

NO LATIN

BY LEON HERON

QUARTER

BY HENDY

THE SOCIAL WHIRL

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

THE OPEN BOAT

by

Elinor Mordaunt

"No woman—anyhow, no woman worth the name of a woman—could behave like that. It's beyond the bounds—well, beyond the bounds of possibility," said my husband, and we were talking of the case of a woman who had seemed to show herself utterly careless, heartless and cruel beyond all words. "She must have been always like that, or it couldn't, it simply couldn't, have happened."

"Still, things do happen—circumstances——" I began. But the scrape back of his chair interrupted me, for he had flung up from the table, moved over to the mantelshelf, and, taking up the matches, was lighting his cigar, noisily scraping one after the other. "It's no good sentimentalising," he broke out, speaking loudly, as he always does when there seems to be the faintest danger of my destroying any one of the many illusions with which he has surrounded me; dimming the Venetian glass shell through which he imagines himself to be looking into that Holy of Holies which is his wife's mind, heart, soul. And I don't find fault with this; I love it. It is the one thing which has really healed me. Though I don't know; I might have felt more cleansed if I could have made him understand. But then it would have been a sort of murder, and I would irretrievably have lost something. I know this, and yet there are periods when I am continually on the edge of it, nervously edging away from it.

"At that time of the shipwreck—on the open boat——" I began again. But he came up behind me, pressed his hands close either side of my face, and turning it up kissed my mouth.

"That's all over and done with; wiped out. What's the good of upsetting yourself?"

"You don't know——"

"I know that you said all you wanted was to forget. I know that you suffered horribly, and I know that you behaved as you always have behaved—like a heroine. But now, my precious"—he pressed my face more tightly between his palms—"all you have to do is to forget. Goodness only knows what put it into your head now!"

"This case of Mrs. Sheldrake——"

"My God! And what in the name of all that's holy has a woman like that got to do with you, my darling?"

He pressed my head back against himself, murmuring something about "a poison plant and a lily." Then he kissed me again before he went out of the room, while I sat with my chair still a little tipped back, staring in front of me.

There was fruit on the snowy white cloth of the breakfast table, with its fine china and silver—fruit and a glass bowl full of forget-me-nots, all flooded with kindly sunshine. But I saw nothing of this; saw instead myself terribly clearly. Not like a picture or engraving, but like something cut out of coloured metal. And not only my body, my outward self, but something even below the soul of me: something altogether inexplicable and strange: someone that I understood less, knew less of, than the most complete and alien stranger in the street. Myself as I was in those days in the open boat.

I have no idea of how long it was after the wreck, or what had happened to lead up to things as they then were. The whole scene remains in my mind, as I have said, just cut out, isolated, along with that strange self which I yet recognised. As one recognises in dreams the strange presentiments of people one knows as something quite different in real life. By then I had lost all idea of time. I had lost all idea of things, as they then were, coming to an end: all hope. The world to me was a flat plate of water, with a hard circular rim cutting the sky. Sometimes the plate was a pale pink and gold; sometimes a gleaming lead colour; sometimes pure white glare. Then it would assume a savage purple tint shot with gold, but never a cloud. Later on it would turn to a deep blackish-blue, intermittently pathed by the light of the moon. And once again it would be pink and gold; then leaden with the heat of the day.

As to the life we were leading, it seemed impossible to believe that the endless routine of it had changed throughout centuries: ever could or would change.

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK OLDHAM

There had been a period when I longed for a bath, dreamt of laving my whole aching body in fresh, cool water, lying down in it. But later on this grew to seem to me no more than fantastic imagining. I could not even imagine it. I had thought, also, of a real meal, but this, too, passed. Nothing apart from thirst remained—thirst and the torturing heat which blistered my already cracked skin, seared my lips; thirst and those nights when I might have been almost happy had I not dreamt of water.

There had been eight, and because I was the only woman I had come off best. There was only one man who grumbled, and that was a Dutchman. That same night MacCloud had caught him at the water cask, and hit him over the head with a piece of planking from the bottom of the boat.

He had been very quiet after that, and we thought that he was sulking. But the next night he died It didn't matter; nothing mattered. If any of us had any feeling about it, it was that there would be more water left for the remaining seven of us.

We killed a porpoise, but were unable to swallow its flesh on account of the saltness of it and our own thirst. Next day it rained, and we drank our fill, but had nothing left to eat. And the water we managed to save got somehow or other mingled with salt water

Then Taunton died, and next day Craddock. And Felson went mad, and jumped overboard into what he called the lake—"Going for a swim in the lake"—and the poor, inarticulate Finn, who had always seemed feeble-minded, followed him.

We talked quite a lot about that. "Queer how you get things into your head," was what Jephson said. "I kept on thinking all last night that that confounded little slap of water round this blasted boat was the sound of the stream where I used to fish for minnows and sticklebacks when I was a kid. And then there's the sound of blood in one's ears. I suppose that's liquid; I suppose that runs, in a sort of way—— Seems queer to think of anything that runs, that flows, actually flows—eh, Miss Fanshawe?"

He was always very polite, languid, you know, and a little drawling. He used to wear beautiful clothes very well pressed. Of course, he had not shaved for days—oh, days and days, ever since the typhoon struck us—but his hair remained plastered flat upon his head and very smooth. And though his shirt and trousers were in rags he still wore his eyeglass. I think, perhaps, he slept in it, if he slept at all: for we all seemed to dream without sleeping, and, anyhow, we did not much care to sleep.

The fact is that none of us liked being in the boat with

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any of the others—that among other things. We did not trust each other, had grown to hate one another, for all sorts of silly little things. It was all very well for them to treat me as a woman—though less and less, much less as time went on—but I felt like a man: hated like a man. Though there were still times when I fingered over my horribly roughened hands and the hanging strips of skin on my neck, and wept because my skin had once been so white and smooth. But that was at night, when the others could not see me.

My frail nightdress and kimono had gone to pieces almost at once. The only one among us who had had the wit to bring any sort of baggage, if you can call it that, was the Finn, and I suppose that he was used to travelling about the world with what he could tie up in a handkerchief. Anyhow, he had a spare shirt made of grey flannel, thick, rough and shapeless, which was handed over to me.

He did not seem to mind, but when he saw me in it he suddenly opened his mouth, like a great dark cavern, filled with the remnants of discoloured teeth, and throwing back his head burst into a hoarse roar of loud, toneless laughter.

It was horrible, horrible! That laugh—there on that plate, breaking through the deathlike stillness!

MacCloud shouted to him to stop it, while I clapped my hands to my ears. But I saw Felson's mouth open—that was before he went really mad—and saw that he was laughing too. Then I caught Craddock smiling, very wryly, because the skin round his mouth was so cracked.

And that was the beginning of my hatred of them all, for though Jephson didn't smile I saw the eyeglass drop from his eye. But, of course, I hated MacCloud most, because I had been a little in love with him in those far-away days back on the steamer, and couldn't bear that he should see me like that and *want* to laugh, even if he didn't.

But there, I believe any woman alone with men, under desperately primitive circumstances, does begin to hate them for their roughness, their differences; for the very look of their unshaven faces; for the noises they make when they sleep, the sound of their breath. Just as men grow to hate women and their delicacy; are filled with a desire to break them—break every bone in their silly little bodies. But, of course, I was not sane then. None of us was sane. It's all very well to say that Felson *went* mad, and the Finn with him. But it was really only that he went a little *more* mad; though it might have been that he grew sane enough to put an end to it all.

"Dragging himself up to the edge of the boat, he rolled over into the sea"

And it might have been like that with MacCloud. Though wasn't he the maddest of any of us?—mad enough

to still imagine that he loved me; to imagine that if everything had gone well he might have married me, that we might have been happy together; maddest of all in that he actually sacrificed himself for me. But that came later, and what was it I was writing of? Oh, of course, of Jephson talking of a flow of blood: "I wonder if a man could quench his own thirst by drinking his own blood, or if he would be simply putting his own thirst back into himself?" he suggested.

MacCloud stared at that, but he said nothing. Only later on, when the other man began again, in that broken and detached way in which we all spoke, when we spoke at all: "There's a blue vein in Miss Fanshawe's wrist," just as if I were not really there, could not hear him, he told him to shut up or he'd "know the reason why," which struck me as a stupid and ungrammatical sentence. For I was becoming super-critical as the pangs of hunger passed.

Later on I heard Jephson murmur: "Sea of blood—washed clean in a sea of blood—Life's blood."

Then that night, while I was dozing fitfully—and I think that it must have been about two o'clock, for the full moon was high in the heavens—I felt something at my wrist, a touch, a hot breath, and then something sharp; heard MacCloud call out and saw Jephson's face, as though photographed upon the moonlight, white and very mad, raised from above my wrist, with wild, scared eyes—immense eyes as it seemed to me, his eyeglass glazed like the head-lamp of a motor. Then he heeled over, I don't know whether he was kicked or fell over; but he went down sideways, and I realised that something was dripping from my wrist on to my bare knee.

The next thing I knew was that MacCloud was binding up my wrist in a bit of rag he tore from somewhere, and the salt in it smarted. There was salt in everything, I know that, for later on I tried to suck the rain out of the hem of my nightgown and found it all salt; cried salt tears which smarted as they ran down my sun-tortured face.

MacCloud was crying, too—a man! sobbing in deep, jerking sobs almost like hiccoughing: "The beast, the beast! He must have nicked the vein in your wrist with the tip of his knife. He was sucking your blood, the beast—oh, the filthy beast!"

He tied another rag above my elbow, and the cut ceased to bleed. But still he sobbed on: his elbows on his knees, his head in his hands.

And Jephson was sobbing too. He raised his face, all twisted up, and stared at us, blubbering like a child. And yet with the single eyeglass still in its place.

That same night, or maybe at dawn—for I had slept, and I suppose MacCloud slept, too—Jephson cut a vein in his own wrist and sucked it, for his mouth was covered with blood the next morning when we saw him. Then he bled to death. It was horrible—horrible!—the mess there was in the bottom of the boat. And at sunrise MacCloud threw him overboard—no, no, shoved and tipped, for he was far too weak to throw anything; tipped him into a sea that did, indeed, look as red as blood, smelt like it, too, or so I fancied. And death, as it seemed, had frozen the eyeglass tight in his eye, so that even when MacCloud turned him over it did not fall out. Amazing it was!

All that day the sea was absolutely calm: it was like metal. I really believe that if you had hit it with the metal tip of an oar it would have clanged. The boat swung a little, but she did not move, and the water round us grew filthy, swarming over with loathsome creatures.

At sunset, when it was all red again, quite suddenly Jephson bobbed up. His hair was still flat, and his eyeglass was still fixed in his one glassy eye. For some queer reason or other the rags of clothes he had worn had washed off him, or perhaps been eaten away, and his body was stark naked, greenish in the crimsoned water. But the eyeglass was still there; and, really, he did not look very different from what he used to look when we were all on board the steamer, and he used to come out of the smoking-room, where he played bridge all day, and strolling up

(Continued on page 386)

PARIS GOSSIP

SPRING, SAINTS and SAGES

By JAY MARTIN

Sketches by SCHUS

The English pianist had to take a train for Munich

SPRING is here according to the dressmakers, but I know better. Haven't people been ski-ing in the park at St. Cloud and playing golf in the snow? And haven't I been sneezing at the very thought of their boastful hardiness? They only do it so they can ward off a cold with the excuse of one hot grog after another, that's all.

THE day on which that old ground hog came out and looked around and laughed, not being afraid of seeing its own shadow, is one of the numerous Saint Days in France. And on the first of February it is the custom to eat *crêpes* Suzettes with one hand, or with a fork if you are fastidious, and in the other hand to hold a gold coin. Having performed this rite, one is supposed to roll in wealth for the rest of the year. I did eat *crêpes,* but couldn't find a gold coin, although I tried to borrow one. Nobody would trust me, even for the short duration of time in which it takes me to consume ten or eleven Gallic pancakes. I never can remember to find out which saint is responsible for all this indigestion. I suppose it is Saint Suzette. [NOTE.—To give you full value for your money I have just looked up the old Saint, and learned it is Saint Ignace, or Ignatz.]

NOW that I am on the subject of Saints, a very rich Argentine, who has lived in Paris for many years, recently gave a birthday party for his little son, at his house near Biarritz. The party took place at the beginning of the year, and when I read a description of it I was struck by the fantastic extravagance of both the party and the manner in which the Society reporter described the affair. The ex-Empress Zita, it seems, drove over from across the Spanish border with all her little archdukes and archduchesses to attend the party, which was a charming example of a simple way in which to entertain children, I *don't* think. The plutocratic Señor, in a fervour of religion or something, as a feature of the party, produced a miniature combination of Reinhardt's "Miracle," the Passion Play, and one of those Neapolitan Nativity effects. I thought it sounded a bit mad. The same South American figures a great deal in the Society columns of the *Gaulois,* which, like its competitor the *Figaro,* is mostly about Society. The *Gaulois* has been losing money for years, and threatened to go out of business. The Argentine could not bear the thought, as the *Figaro* did not seem to think him as wonderful as the *Gaulois.* So he offered to buy out the latter for five million francs, with a guarantee to subsidise the paper for the next ten years.

THE deal was about to be consummated when the Argentine's family was advised to send him to a hospital for observation, as something, evidently, was wrong with his head. He had delusions of grandeur, according to the doctors; and while most victims of this complex are content with claiming to be Napoleon, his delusions were becoming a little hard for his family to support. For a losing newspaper is not a good asset, and perhaps when his next birthday comes round his little boy would not be able to give another party in honour of himself, the Nativity and the Archduke Otto. And that, of course, would be very sad indeed.

"It, monsieur, is the Book of the Hour"

A DOMESTIC STORM—and TEMPEST

Dorothy Wilding

Marie Tempest as Lady Mary engaged in a wordy battle with her husband (W. Graham Browne) in "Her Shop." This new comedy is a big success at the Criterion Theatre

AND another person who is slightly crazy, but about music, is a well-known Parisian *divorcée*. She has been simply crazy about an English pianist, and treated him perfectly grand. They recently went to the Riviera, where she has a villa, and the pianist said to her, oh so soulfully, "I wish I could have a little house, too, so as to be always near you." His generous girl-friend gave him a cheque for two hundred and fifty thousand francs with which to buy a cottage by the beautiful sea. He thanked her, and went off to buy the house. But, to buy it, he had to take a train for Munich, where he has found the house of his dreams. I call that a pretty dirty trick, don't you?

Dorothy Sebastian and Josephine Dunn, two American film favourites, try their hand with the rod. If they had hooked an eighteen pounder just as the photographer got to work the result might have been an amusing—if less artistic—picture

SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S play, *The Circle*, has celebrated its hundredth performance in French. That is quite a long run for a Parisian theatre, and Lugné-Poe, the director of the Œuvre, where *The Circle* is played, gave a dinner in the honour of Maugham. The other guests were the nine French managers who had refused to produce the play. That, I think, is an amusing gesture. But I do hope that Maugham did not see the French production until after the dinner. The translation, the staging, the cast are simply awful.

TRISTAN BERNARD, the dramatist, entered a shop the other day to buy a book which he had heard was in great demand. The clerk was enthusiastic about the public's reception of the book. "It is the novel of the decade," said he; "it's the Book of the Day." He went on and on. "It, monsieur, is the Book of the Hour." "Well, well, wrap it up," Bernard interrupted, looking at his watch, "and give it to me. In fifty minutes the book will be unreadable."

IN running down the Salon des Indépendents last week I forgot to mention one exhibit that was good: a wire wolf, no relation to the wire-haired fox-terrier, but the well-known wolf who came down the ages through her association with Romulus and Remus. I decided to look up the papa of this wolf, which is one of the most clever and amusingly adroit pieces of sculpture I have ever seen. The sculptor is a young American, Sandy Calder, and there is an exposition of his work at the Billiet Galeries in the Rue la Boëtie. In the window of the gallery is a vivacious "Spring" that simply yells, "Come hither." I entered, and found acrobats magnificently constructed from mere outlines of wire. I thought the best piece was the portrayal of a horse, a most lovely horse, simply dancing through space, with a girl seated on his back.

IF ever an artist has reduced form down to its essentials Calder has accomplished it. His manner of twisting the wire to suggest a joint, or merely letting the ends fly loose to give an infinite wave to hair, may be considered a "stunt" by the die-hards, but to me, in its perfect treatment of line and form, Calder's sculpture descends directly from the Greeks. I hope, my readers, that you are properly impressed by the above art criticism, as for weeks I have been dying to let myself go in order to show you how remarkably æsthetic I am.

I HAD a real thrill the other evening. At the Théâtre des Champs Elysées the newly formed "Opéra Privé de Paris" gave us *Le Tsar Saltan* of Rimsky-Korakoff. Maris Kousnezoff has gathered, from the ends of the earth, a company of Russian singers that, with a glorious burst of music and colour, revives all the riotous beauty and luxury of the old Russia. The marvellously trained chorus, the brilliantly conceived settings and costumes, the superb orchestra, should do one thing to Paris: it should make the Opéra and Opéra-Comique either come to life and acquire some ideas (and singers) or go away back and sit down. The only way in which I can express my reactions to the *Tsar Saltan* is to recall a cover by Percy Crosby I saw long ago on "Life." A little boy is looking at a sunset and saying, "Gawd, it's so by-OOtiful, I could give somebody a sock on the jaw!"

MADAME HANAU, the financial wizard who came a cropper, is awaiting trial with equanimity. Despite the masculine trend of her mind, she remains woman enough to demand being presentable when the time comes for her to appear before the tribunal at the Palais de Justice. We heard that every afternoon, accompanied by detectives, she leaves her cell at the St. Lazare prison to choose and fit hats at a milliner's in the Rue Royale. Anxious to see La Hanau in action we hastened down town, determined to do the Rue Royale until we found out what *modiste* she patronises. Our first attempt was correct. She buys her hats *chez* Rose Descat. We heard a client exclaiming in pleasure over the new hats, echoed approvingly by a gentleman. The voice, however, did not synchronise with my idea of Madame Hanau, and the man's voice really didn't sound like a detective's. Inquisitively we stepped into a room and found, putting on a *chic* little hat just made for such a *chic* little head, the Baronne Fouquier, being beamed upon by her husband. J. M.

DEFYING DORA at the TROC.

BY EDNA CLAYTON

Our artist's impressions of some of the clever people who are doing their bit to brighten the officially created gloom of London. They are playing in "Down With Dora," the clever C. B. Cochran supper-time show in the Grill Room of the Trocadero

The English line in danger. Young is seen getting the ball out to Laird in the hope that England's fly-half will have time to find "touch"

THE PEA-GREEN IRRESISTIBLES

By PENDARVES

GOSH, what a game! The sort of game, don't you know, that, ten years hence, will rise to the surface of Rugger talk in Wardrooms and Messes and smoking-rooms. "But do you remember that Irish match at Twickenham? Were you there? Well, I *was*, and . . ." A game that will stand out, printed in a bright colour in men's minds in all the long list of games they think about through the valley of the years. Not because it "made history." Not because Ireland has never beaten England before at Twickenham—what does that matter? Who cares 'bout that? But because of the MEN who played that game; and because of the way they played it.

THE self-appointed critic shows a lack of knowledge in Rugger when he begins to prate about "many changes in the English side will have to be made if we are to beat Scotland." That is merely stupid. Scotland, on the other hand, have not got a wire-haired terrier's hope in hades of holding this Irish side next Saturday at Dublin unless by some miracle they can produce a team about twice as good as the one they sent to Swansea. There is nothing the matter with England's team. It is quite a reasonably sound side, if not a brilliant. It came up against a team of pea-green irresistibles. That was all. And down it went, battling bravely.

NONE of the 58,000 people who yelled on that ground expected anything like the drama that was to be unfolded. The most hardened Rugger watchers were staggered. A man next to me left his cigarette hand lying upon his brand new overcoat, and though we all smelt the burning nobody moved or cared, he least of all. A man crouching open-mouthed against the wall of the Press Stand, watching Rugger for the first time in his life, said to me afterwards, "I have fought and played games all over the world, but, by golly, this beats everything!" The forty minutes seemed like four; the eighty like eighteen. The Irish players were not merely highly trained men: they were frenzied green-and-white furies, tireless, tenacious, and justly triumphant.

IN the first five minutes I began to fear the worst. If they were going to keep at us with the ferocity that followed the kick off we should be pulverised. And realising that the longer an Irishman is allowed to take the fight to his opponent's corner the better he becomes, the more gloomy appeared our outlook. Their first try, in the first three minutes of the game, was not merely a bit of snapped-up opportunism due to a fumble by our full-back. It was a part of the intensiveness with which they kept on the ball from beginning to end without one second's pause. And that persistent hurling of their green bodies against the flexible steel wall of England was not an onslaught of fighting-mad Irishmen. Great skill lay behind it, and speed, and stamina. How, then, could we withstand all this for very long? Some joint in our armour must crack, and then they would thrust through the gape of it. They did.

WHEN a side is beaten, and by a vastly superior side, the crowd screams its eulogies of the victors. The vanquished are forgotten. Not so England, on that utterly splendid day. There was not a man among us, shouting himself inarticulate with anxiety and pride, who, knowing anything about the game, did not marvel at the quality and constancy of England's epic defence. For four-fifths of the time we were flung against the ropes of the ring and kept there, taking punishment, and fighting back. They lived in our twenty-five for what seemed hours on end. But only once again did they pierce us—and only then because the blind side of one of those exhausting scrums was left for a second unguarded, and Sugden slipped through.

THROUGHOUT the first half there there was not one concerted offensive movement of our back division. They would not allow it. Throughout the second we only looked like scoring twice. One of these movements succeeded, and the other, a brilliant run by Young, was closured by that relentless tackling machine which opened its voracious jaws yet once again and swallowed us. I

VICTORY OVER ENGLAND: A GAME THAT WILL LIVE IN HISTORY

The Duke of York shaking hands with the victorious Irish fifteen before the game

don't think our centres can be said to have been weak. Men like Aarvold and Sladen can do nothing when they are hurled to the ground on the very instant that they receive the ball. No. We were battered into a side that had merely to hang on grimly and hope for the best—for a chance, an opening, a quiescence in this demoniacal attack. None came. Until the end: and the cushions were hurled into the air: the Irish motley stampeded upon the ground; and spent players were swept off their feet: and pandemonium reigned until Irishmen moved away from seats and slopes.

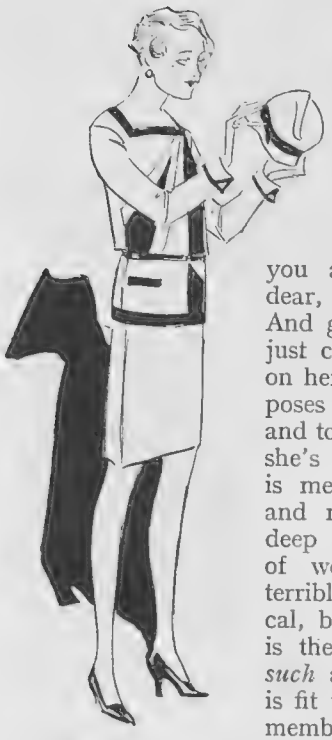
Stephenson, the Irish captain, playing in his thirty-seventh International, is tackled low by Laird. Stephenson played for three-quarters of the game with an injured rib

An Englishman bowled into "touch." Periton is seen on the extreme left. Even the renowned English pack was played to a standstill by the Irish forwards

OUR SUPERIOR BROTHERS!

By ROSEMARY

Illustrations by HELEN McKIE



"My beige felt specially made"

You know what an inferiority-complex it can give you when one of those nice girls who are friends from home and whose people know each other says, as you adjust the lipstick: "My dear, what *does* it matter?" And goes on to explain that she just couldn't spend all that time on her personal appearance, supposes she hasn't got the vanity and too much else to think about, she's glad to say. All of which is meant to put you to shame and make you feel at least a deep pink, if not a scarlet, sort of woman. And that's really terribly unfair and utterly illogical, because it is she really who is the sinner in vanity—if it is *such* a crime?—for thinking she is fit to be about the place as a member of the more ornamental sex without asking any aid whatsoever from art.

Do I hear cries of "Question" and "Throw her out"? But surely long ago we won the battle about who was the more ornamental and generally superior of the species? It was the Waterloo for Nature and the most famous victory for Art. Because if you look at Nature you will be struck by the way she seems to have intended the boys to get the beauty prize. There's no doubt about it that she had very little use for the girls; look at the peacock and that miserable sort of chicken-looking animal that he usually marries. And there are lots of other birds and those insect things that show the same.

But, as a great scientist said the other day, the human animal is the only one with the power to say "No." If you have any experience of little arguments with your best Irish terrier when he catches sight of the cat next door you may rather doubt this bit of everyday science; and even more if you have tried to make the other animal stay on your lap and purr when she doesn't want to. Still, that's neither here nor there, and far be it from me to set up common-sense against academic theory. In any case, woman didn't get far out of the cave before she said a stout "No" to this idea of Mother Nature's. Because she knew if she didn't she wouldn't have the chance of saying "Yes" or "No" at all to anything the caveman might ask her later. He probably wouldn't ask. Beauty may be only skin-deep, but it is extraordinarily successful for use as an introduction.

The fight about it went on for some time. The men got the better of it in the ancient world; that flowing drapery style of dress and the *chignon* permanently unwinding at the back of the head didn't give a girl a chance. And how Helen of Troy managed to put in the private life she did is a bit of a puzzle. On the other hand, it was no wonder the Venus crowd and all that smart set from up Olympus way were always appearing in different forms—I've always suspected they meant different *frocks*, but the monk people who made the translations didn't get the hang of it—to try and take away the men for gigolos. All that uniform and the plumes on the helmet were so fascinating, and even when they weren't at a war they looked really quite presentable in their togas.

Remembering which is probably why every now and again they do start up wars. Because beyond the uniform there certainly doesn't appear to an outsider to be much else to be said for them. And the more plays we have like *Journey's End*, by the way, the more people may begin to agree. The only "glamour" this generation of ours that was mostly at school during the period of the play want to see put back into the idea of wars is the old notion of duelling. Put a few of the politicians and the war lords who want a fight into uniform, and let them have it out between them in some pleasantly central spot in Europe.

Well, except for bouts every now and again like that, when they had to show who Nature really did prefer, the women easily won. The others tried to keep up for a long time, and

"A comparison between satin knee-breeches and plus-fours will have a most salutary effect"

in certain periods there wasn't much to choose between them. But by the year of grace 1900 it was really all over, and the victors, never being too upright or honourable in the best of quarrels, were able to gloat ever after. Because they had only to point to what the poor creatures had been able to do in the past to show how utter was the defeat now. A comparison lightly drawn between the satin knee breeches of the time when the competition was at its fiercest and the plus-fours, so often down at heel, of this latter day will have a most salutary effect. And, to make the rebuff absolute, murmur dreamily of plumed hats swept from the powdered wig, and sigh as you look at the inevitable bowler hat. They call it a Derby across the water, but it remains as uneasy to look at by any other name.

A DELICIOUS example of what you were able to look like if you were born about a hundred years ago was provided by the Victorian dress that Miss ffrangçon Davies wore—and won a prize with—at the Lion Ball at the May Fair Hotel last week. As she and her partner, also of the period, paraded, those who had taken the option about fancy dress had to admit there was at least something to be said for that age of eminence. Not but that the next night, seeing the fashion—and figure—of To-morrow in the *Down with Dora* supper show at the Troc., we weren't consoled and able to decide we hadn't yet gone to the dogs. By-the-way, does even a lunch ordered by Arbuthnot Lane help you to put on weight when you take that amount of exercise at night? After Mr. Cochran's decree about being plump, or, shall we say, well *covered*, I was not prepared for the John Tiller Girls; and how could the Adams Sisters throw each other about in the best Russian Ballet fashion if one of them weighed a precious pound or so more?

NO wonder the Afghans weren't having any! Though it was definitely a pity that they tore up some of the trousseau that their late—or is she at present, present? So difficult to follow these quick changes in the dynasty—Queen had collected in Paris. But when you look at their gracious sovereign who had to serve as a sort of mannequin for the whole realm, you do notice that perhaps for once even Savile Row had faltered and there was more than ever to be said for the rebels. You can dispense with Nature a good deal, but figure will out.

At the Trocadero show, "Down with Dora"

NOR, going back to the great victory when it was definitely laid down that the gentler, so-called, were also the more ornamental, definitely, of the species, the others put up a poor sort of excuse. Nevermore, they said, will we try to compete; we just won't play their silly games any longer and then they can't say they've beaten us. And from that they got more and more comfortable and less and less good shape, and finally went to their heads, and the other day one of them said that women had begun to copy *them*. Yes, suggested that because women were now doing many of the men's jobs, they had learnt that clothes must be practical and as far as possible standardised. Good heavens! what next! *my* beige felt specially made, the same as hers that she got in the bargain basement? Oh, it may be the same shade and the shape is the same, but . . . now, *your* clothes when you go to the City are absolutely identical with any of the two thousand season ticket holders. It's not a matter of argument, it's just that I'm right.

Rosemary.

By Frank Ford

He: "I could die dancing with you"
She (*suffering*): "So this *is* a death-pact, is it?"

(*Continued from page 377*)

to MacCloud and I, where we sat talking, remark: "Hullo, you two! I thought I'd just pop up and see how you were getting on. Oh, well, be good, and you'll be happy," then drift away again.

I believe that everyone at that time made sure that Jim MacCloud and I would get married when we got back to Sydney. Fancy anyone—well, *feeling* enough to care about anyone so long as they were out of the sun and had plenty of water to drink. Or ever wanting anyone near them if they could be alone. Oh, well, MacCloud poked Jephson with an oar, and he sank, looking very queer and greenish in the water, which was only red at the top, after all.

So there was the end of that, leaving MacCloud and me alone in the boat.

Not that I wanted him; I didn't want anyone there to look at me. All I wanted was to be alone, and able to make faces and scream, and strip off that beastly shirt, and kick my legs about.

It was MacCloud who had been watching and guarding the drinking water all this time. I used to abuse him when he would not give me more—not more than the others; I didn't sink to that; but all my share at once—think of everything I could say to wound him. Before the shipwreck I believe I was what you call a lady. There were things I could not have said; and, anyhow, vain and silly as I was, I was kind. I hated hurting people's feelings. But I was not like that any more. Look here, I would have defied Queen Victoria herself to remain for years and years and years, as I had done, alone on the open sea in a small boat, with seven—six—five—four—three—two men—with one man—and still be ladylike.

MacCloud had an Adam's apple in his throat. I had not noticed it on board ship when he wore a collar, but for some time before Jephson died I had been able to think of nothing else.

"Why are you staring at me so?" he said. And I answered: "Because you look so damned funny with that Adam's apple thing bobbing up and down in your throat, just as Jephson's head bobbed up"—and laughed. It was the first time I had heard anyone laugh since the day the Finn saw me wearing his shirt, and, upon my soul, I must have looked damned funny in it.

And when MacCloud groaned and said, "God help us!" I laughed again. That was the last day. The morning of the day that he was fool enough to sacrifice himself for a woman.

That evening when he gave me my ration of water, less than an eggcupful, I noticed that the beaker was tipped very low. Three days before he had decanted all we had left out of the cask.

I also noticed that he did not take any himself, and when I asked him why, he said that he "wasn't thirsty." Now, did you ever hear anything like that? Wasn't thirsty? Wasn't thirsty! I ask you, is there anyone in the whole world who is not thirsty?

That night MacCloud dropped overboard. I know that he did it so that I might have the few remaining drops of water. I watched him, through my half-closed eyes, get up very quietly from the bottom of the boat where he had lain and drag himself weakly and silently towards me. He stooped his head and kissed my hand, the cracked and disfigured hand which lay flung out from me—and I could have struck him for that—then, dragging himself up to the edge of the book, he rolled over into the sea.

I saw what he meant to do, and I saw what he did. I think, indeed, that I had known for hours before what was in his mind—for our thoughts literally clanged against each other in that solitude, that silence—but I still pretended to sleep, made no effort to stop him.

When he had gone I got up and finished all the water and took off that horrible shirt. Directly the sun rose again I had to put it on, for the heat of it blistered me as though scalding metal had been flung over me.

The next night there was a little rain.

And the day after I don't know what happened, but I remember that I was suddenly happy, half-wild with happiness; that I tried to sing, but my tongue was too swollen, and that I laughed at that—laughed at my swollen tongue!

And I stood up in the boat and waved my arms. Then I must have fallen, for I felt sharp splinters of wood against my shoulder and hip, while the sun was like the side of a furnace door pressing against the uppermost side of me. But I did not seem to mind.

And the day after—perhaps the day after that, or yet another day later—I was rescued: taken on board a giant liner, bathed in luxury.

The doctor who attended me then is now my husband. A doctor, and yet he does not know a thing about me as I was then: the woman who saw seven men die; knew that at least one of those men died for her—and did not care.

E. M.

Building-up Energy and Robust Health

MERRY and happy—full of energy and romping fun—every father and mother delights in this evidence of glorious health.

The energy and vitality children are so prodigal in spending have to be made good from the energy-creating elements to be obtained only from nourishment. The children are growing — physically and mentally — and nourishment is essential for healthy growth.

During the growing years of childhood more nourishment is necessary than ordinary food contains. Children need "Ovaltine" as their daily beverage, for this delicious food beverage supplies concentrated nourishment in an easily digested form.

"Ovaltine" is prepared from the richest of Nature's tonic foods—malt, milk and eggs. It contains a superabundance of the nutritive elements which build up brain and body and create energy and vitality.

Make "Ovaltine" your children's daily beverage. Note their increased energy and vitality, and see on their cheeks the glow which comes only from the enjoyment of perfect health.

The children specially need "Ovaltine" during the winter. It will build up a rich reserve of health and energy—thus enabling them to resist colds and epidemic infections, and keeping them in robust health in spite of unpleasant winter conditions.

OVALTINE

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

Obtainable throughout the British Empire.

Prices in Great Britain and N. Ireland: 1/3, 2/- & 3/9 per tin.

P.511

FILM FANCIES

SAGAS OF THE SEA

As Seen on the Screen

By AUBERON

Ramon Novarro and Joan Crawford as they appear as the young lovers in "Across to Singapore." This film of the sea includes a most realistically screened mutiny on board a sailing vessel

One of the many spectacular scenes in the film version of Joseph Conrad's famous romance, "The Rescue," which is now playing at the New Gallery in Regent Street The stars in this film are Ronald Colman and Lili Damita

"The Rescue"

FROM time immemorial all sorts and conditions of men have forsaken honour for the sake of the light in a woman's eyes, and Captain Lingard (Ronald Colman) in the film "The Rescue," adapted from Joseph Conrad's famous novel, is no exception.

HE cruises in the Java seas, obtaining guns and powder, contrary to law, in order to help reinstate a Rajah who lost his kingdom through saving him, Lingard, from death at the hands of savage natives. But alas, when all the plans are arranged, and everything is in order, a woman appears on the scene, and then chaos reigns.

RONALD COLMAN is his usual charming self, and makes his part entirely sympathetic. One feels with him all the time, and can almost experience the fights he has with himself when passion seems as if it must conquer honour. When it does eventually, who can blame him, for if I were asked to title this film I should call it "The Man Tempted" without hesitation. Possessing such strong powers of acting, and a lovable personality, it is no wonder that Ronald Colman appeals to so many movie fans.

THERE were good all-round performances from most of the cast, but I am afraid Lili Damita, the Continental actress who has succeeded beautiful Vilma Banky, disappointed me. She tries to be alluring, and I must confess, in my opinion, fails—whereas Miss Banky was alluring with no effort, but the New Gallery Cinema has a winner in this production.

"Across to Singapore"

"ACROSS TO SINGAPORE" is yet another seafaring drama which appealed to me enormously, and which started its career at the Empire Theatre, that home of good Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer productions.

THE story is that of four mariner brothers, two of them in love with the same girl, of their trials and bold adventures of seventy years ago, culminating in the death of the elder one, and happy re-uniting of the younger with his old-time sweetheart.

LOVELY Joan Crawford is the girl Priscilla, and an adorable one at that. She really is quite one of the most attractive feminine leads on the screen to-day, and acts with a true knowledge of the art.

RAMON NOVARRO makes a delightful study of the young brother, but perhaps his performance is overshadowed by the masterly skill of that splendid actor Ernest Torrence. As the hard-grained, unlovely Captain Mark he has the chance of a lifetime, and seizes on it.

GOOD stirring drama, plenty of thrills and fighting, is combined with a very charming love interest. No public could wish for more.

whatever the weather

this SUNSHINE SALOON meets the need of the moment. It is changed from saloon to tourer, or vice versa, in a flash. Merely by turning a handle, the roof winds backward or forward, locking itself in position . . . and there is no need to stop or get out. All Models have glass winding windows and four wide doors. With a SINGER SUNSHINE SALOON you can enjoy the health and pleasures of the open air in fine weather . . . and still obtain the comfort and protection of a closed saloon when the weather is bad.

Note:—When writing for Booklet please state which Model you are interested in—JUNIOR £175. SENIOR £270. SIX £350. Free Demonstrations and Deferred Terms can be arranged to suit your convenience. SINGER & COMPANY, LTD., COVENTRY. London Showrooms: 202, Great Portland Street, W.1.

SINGER

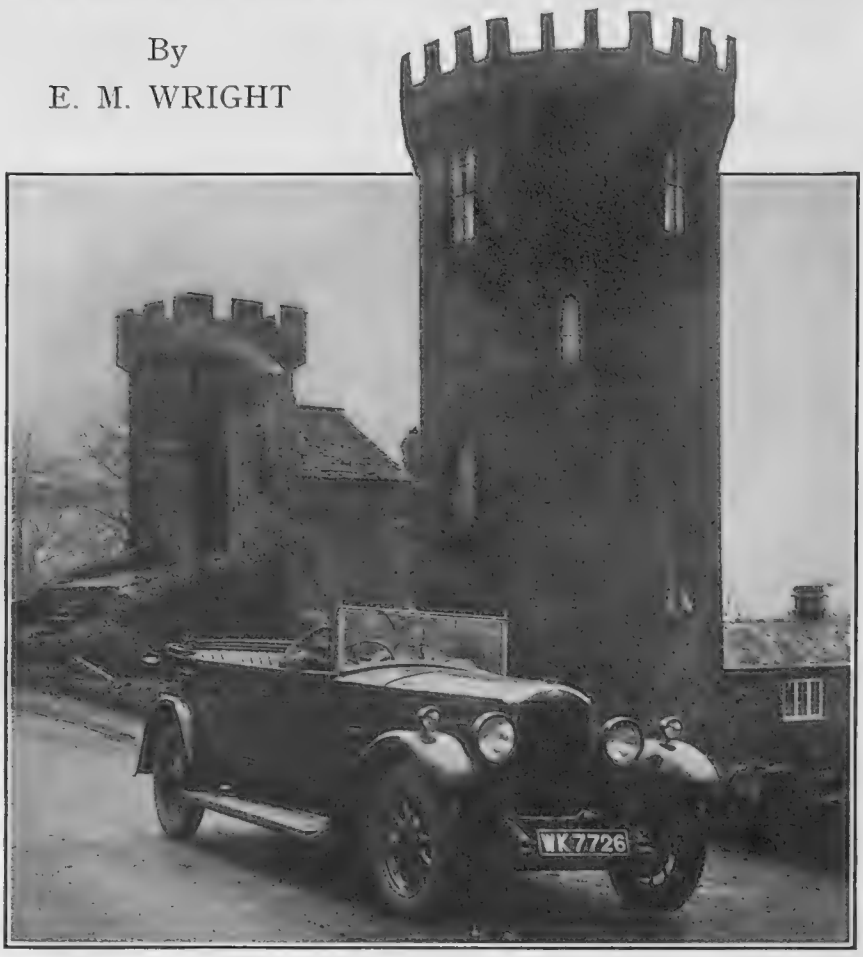
SUNSHINE SALOON

H.P.

MOTOR NOTES

HOSPITALS & ROAD ACCIDENTS

By
E. M. WRIGHT



A 20-65 h.p. six-cylinder "Dual Purpose" Humber seen in a picturesque setting. In the background is the Tower at Edgehills

Of all the adventurous expeditions around or across Australia during the past few years there has been none more sporting than that of two travellers, Messrs. Macquarrie and Matthews, who have driven a Baby Austin from Sydney to Cape York, the most northerly point in Australia. The mere attempt was noteworthy. Not only did they take grave risks in the lonely north of bogs and of days of unassisted motoring, going through some hundreds of miles of uncharted tracks, and crossing numerous unbridged rivers; but the chances were against their finding a track that even a four-footed animal could travel on, let alone a motor car. These intrepid motorists probably covered five thousand miles under conditions so severe that they can hardly be realised in a country like ours which possesses the best roads in the world.

***

The future value of expeditions such as this is not often seriously considered, but there is not the slightest doubt that they have a big effect upon the development of road transport in out of the way places. It is a matter of record that only a few years ago the centre of Australia depended exclusively upon animals for the conveyance of the necessities of existence, but since then the advent of motor pioneers has proved that the motor as a means of outback transport is a commercial proposition, and can, in fact, solve the very problem of existence for many.

***

I referred recently to the huge and growing cost of treating hospital cases resulting from road accidents. How large this figure has become is shown in the ninth annual report issued by the Central Bureau of Hospital Information. As the result of motor accidents in 1927 it is estimated that 26,000 in-patients and 39,000 out-patients received hospital treatment. A heavy loss was thrown on the hospitals as a result. Expenditure involved is estimated to have reached £230,000. Including insurance and the patients' own contributions only £26,000 was received. Some of the hospitals received nothing at all.

***

Many suggestions are put forward as to how this terrible drain on the hospitals can be met without creating even greater anomalies than at present, but the problem is extremely difficult. The suggestion most generally favoured is that there should be some system of compulsory insurance. Other proposals put forward include one that the law should permit hospitals to recover their costs in compensation cases, and another that the hospitals should be helped to meet the cost of road accidents through grants from the Road Fund. The Hon. Sir Arthur Stanley, president of the British Hospitals Association, discussing the difficulties of compulsory insurance, said he thought it impracticable, as many who were not motorists were involved in road accidents, and no insurance could, therefore, be recovered. Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, president of the Royal South Hants Hospital, also emphasised the unfairness of classifying as motor accidents everything in which a motor was involved. In his view every motor should be insured, and a small proportion of the premium should be paid to a central fund which would make grants to the hospitals for every accident treated by them. Suggestions have been made in several quarters that motorists themselves should contribute on a voluntary basis through their different organisations.

***

When men and women band themselves together because of ownership in a certain make of car it is obvious that they are not only satisfied but enthusiastic in the possession of their particular machine. In various parts of the world, but more particularly in Australia, Fiat car clubs have been formed, and one of the most progressive of them is in Sydney. Another club is in New South Wales, and a third has just been formed in Perth, Western Australia. These associations organise from time to time social and

(Continued on page 392)

The latest 17 h.p. Lancia Lambda short chassis, fitted with an English Weymann folding head two-seater coupé body, with dickey seat

The 20-h.p. Rolls-Royce

"I GIVE you my opinion of it, it being my 59th car and 8th Rolls-Royce. Straight away, I must say that this latest 20 is the most beautifully designed piece of mechanism I have ever come across, the whole chassis blending into one almost perfect machine, each part exactly suited to the next.

The car runs more silently and sweetly than any other I know, the whole engine and transmission turning quietly and without vibration, whether in gear or not, just like a smooth running electric motor. The car runs in the indirect gears more silently and more sweetly than many another car on direct drive. I can find no trace of vibration in the engine at any speed. The gearbox, gear change, and back axle are ahead of any other make of car. The brakes are perfect, the springing is excellent and the steering is now very good indeed.

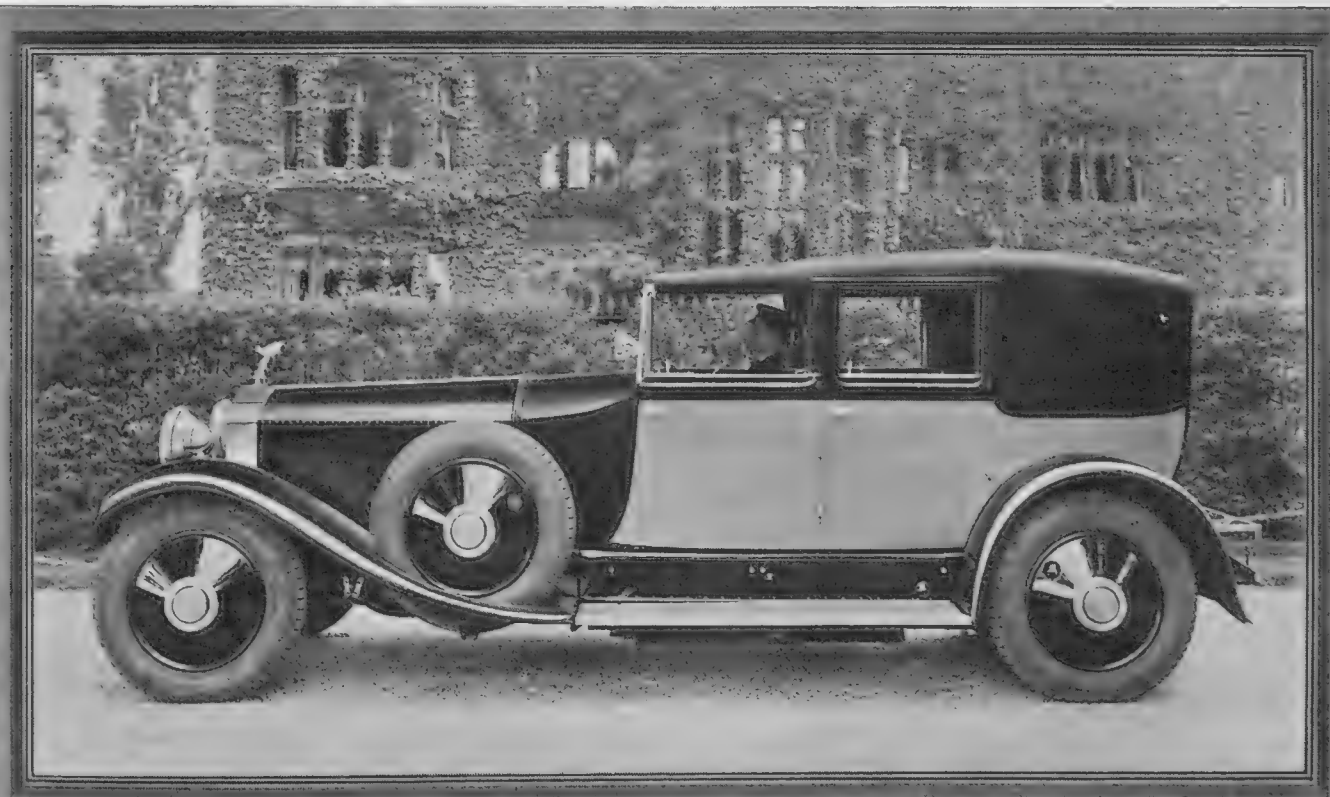
It is the easiest possible car to handle and one can drive it all day long with less anxiety and fatigue than any other car I know, in fact, with no fatigue at all."

Owner-Driver's Letter, reference 2011

ROLLS-ROYCE

The Best Car in the World

ROLLS-ROYCE LIMITED 14-15 CONDUIT STREET LONDON W.1. TELEPHONE MAYFAIR 6040



The Hooper Sedanca on Rolls-Royce chassis that again won the Premier Award, Concours d'Elegance, Biarritz, September 4th, 1928. Similar cars were also awarded the Premier Prize, Concours d'Elegance, at Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy, and Grand Prix d'Honneur, Monte Carlo, during 1928.

Hooper & Co. (Coachbuilders), Ltd., Motor-body Builders to H.M. the King, 54, St. James's Street, Piccadilly, S.W.1.

Kennington Service

(Continued from page 390)

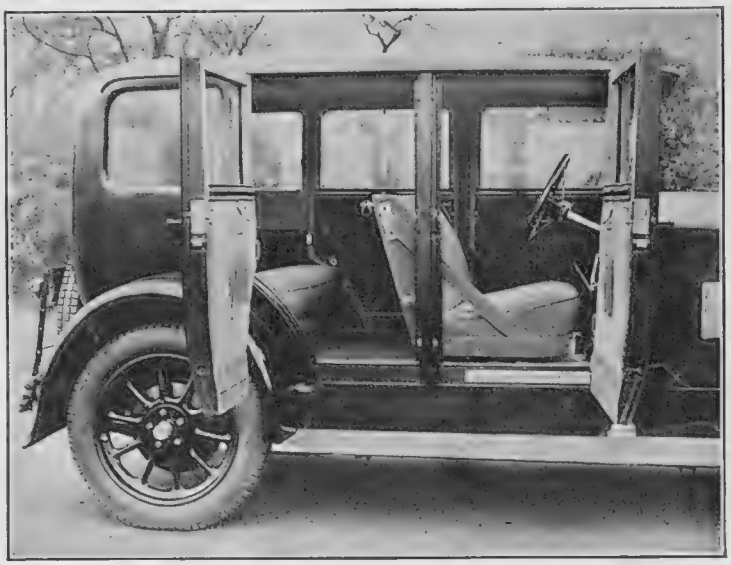
sports meetings, excursions and outings for the amusement and instruction of themselves and their relatives and friends. A fraternal spirit is cultivated, and the members feel that wherever they may be travelling, and whatever difficulties they may encounter on the road, they always have at their disposal the help and assistance of other owners of Fiat cars.

* *
*

ROLLS-ROYCE, LTD., have recently despatched to South Africa one of their New Phantom 40-50 h.p. chassis fitted with a Thrupp and Maberly cabriolet de ville body. This car, under the *ægis* of Rootes, Ltd., who handle the export of Rolls-Royce cars to that part of Africa in which the tour has been arranged, will make a run through all the principal towns from Cape Town to Johannesburg, and should have every opportunity of showing what the finest car in the world can do under really difficult conditions of travel. It is hoped that the tour will be extended to cover Southern Rhodesia and British East Africa.

* *
*

CROSSLEY MOTORS, LTD., have just made an interesting addition to the range of 15.7 h.p. six-cylinder models. This is a "popular" coachbuilt saloon which will sell at £498. It is, in general, very much on the line of the de luxe saloon, the chassis being exactly the same, except that steel wheels are fitted in place of the wire wheels which are standard on the de luxe model at £575. It will be finished in Crossley blue or maroon cellulose. Leather upholstery, floor carpets, roof ventilator, and a one-piece front seat with adjustment for leg room and rake of seat back are features of the body. The equipment includes dipping head-light reflectors and a petrol gauge on the dash. The interior finish leaves nothing to be desired, and the whole job is of the highest quality. This departure on the part of Crossleys is because they believe there is a wide public desiring a quality Six at a price under £500.



An interior view of the new Crossley coachbuilt saloon which has just been put on the market at £498

* *
*

THE grumbles of overseas motorists are becoming quite a fixed feature of our motoring year. They are as old as most of the jokes about the now defunct Ford model T. There is almost a close season for them, and an opening day when we know they will appear as surely as grouse on the 12th of August. We shall be told again that the British car is quite unsuitable for Colonial conditions—that is the stock phrase; that its track is too narrow; that its engine is too small; that its gear ratios are all wrong; and that there is nothing right about the body-work. Of course, there is something in these complaints, and the only way our manufacturers can honestly solve the problem is either by taking experienced overseas motorists on to their staffs, or by sending out members of their staffs to gain experience of these conditions.

* *
*

THE ROLLS-ROYCE, LTD., Board have decided to recommend at the annual meeting at Derby on Feb. 22 that a dividend of 8 per cent. for the year, together with a bonus of 2 per cent., be paid. The profits for the year ending Oct. 31, 1928, were £185,769 5s. 9d.

E. M. W.

WAKEFIELD RECOMMENDATION SERIES No. 4. *Watch for your Car!*

The Manufacturers of

AS OLD AS THE INDUSTRY — Riley — AS MODERN AS THE HOUR

CARS USE and RECOMMEND exclusively

WAKEFIELD CASTROL MOTOR OIL

The Riley Car

RILEY (COVENTRY) LIMITED.

Foleshill, Coventry

VR/MD

Messrs. C.C. Wakefield & Co. Ltd., Cheapside, London, E.C. 2. January 2nd 1929.

Dear Sirs,

The year just ended has established the RILEY NINE high in the favour of discriminating motorists, and has justified still further its title of "The Wonder Car". Apart from this high reputation so made in the hands of motorists on the road, it has also given to Britain pre-eminence in the 9 h.p. class both on road and track.

Its main successes during 1928 include-

The winning of the 1100 c.c. class in the R.A.C. Touriat Trophy Road Race held in Ulster.

The winning of the 1100 c.c. class in the Essex 6 hours Endurance Race held at Brooklands.

The capture of 8 International Records at Brooklands from 5 Kilometres at 97.5 m.p.h. to 6 hours in which 511 miles were covered - a wonderful performance for a non supercharged engine.

The winning of 7 gold medals by private owners in the M.C.C. High Speed Reliability Trials held at Brooklands in which the leading private owner covered 64.5 miles in the hour on a standard 9 h.p. RILEY Monaco Saloon.

The winning of both the President's and M.A.C. Cups at the Shelsley Walsh Open Hill Climb.

We congratulate you upon the consistent quality of Wakefield Castrol Oils supplied, and which needless to say are recommended by us to all owners of RILEY Cars.

Yours faithfully,
For RILEY (COVENTRY) LIMITED:
Victor Riley
Managing Director.

ENGINE and GEAR-BOX
Wakefield CASTROL XL
REAR AXLE
Wakefield CASTROL L

C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO., LTD., *All-British Firm*, Wakefield House, Cheapside, LONDON, E.C.2

All smoking affects the Throat!

Pipe, cigar or cigarette—no matter which—the delicate membranes of the throat object to smoke, which eventually produces irritation, either mild or severe. To prevent this, take an 'Allenburys' Glycerine and Black Currant Pastille occasionally between smokes and let it dissolve in the mouth. Containing pure glycerine and the luscious fruit juice of ripe black currants, they are delightfully soothing.

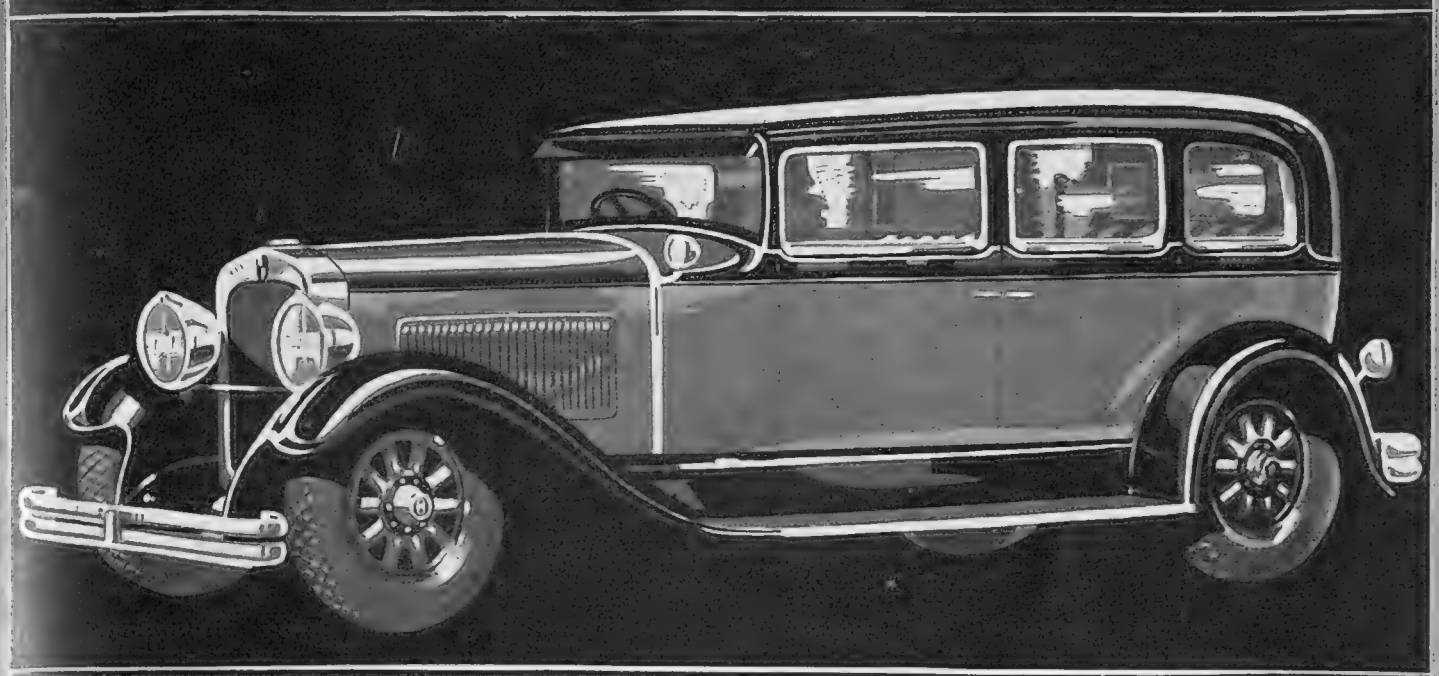
Packed in distinctive tin boxes containing:

2 oz.	8d.
4 oz.	1/3
8 oz.	2/3
1 lb.	4/3

Your Chemist Stocks them

Allenburys *Glycerine & Black Currant* **PASTILLES**

THE WORLD HAS A NEW



AND FINER MOTOR CAR

You cannot drive the new Twin Ignition Nash '400' without instantly realising its superiority over cars with older types of engine. It represents new principles of high compression cylinder construction creating extra power and speed and more *virile* acceleration on a lesser petrol consumption.

People everywhere admire the smart, low-swung grace of the new Saloon body style. They are delighted with its ease of steering, its interior comfort, and amazed at the many costly car features covered in its moderate price. Before you buy your new car, drive the new Nash '400.' *That is all we ask.*

The new features of the Nash '400' Models at prices ranging from £365 to £800 are described and pictured in an interesting catalogue. Please write for it to address below.

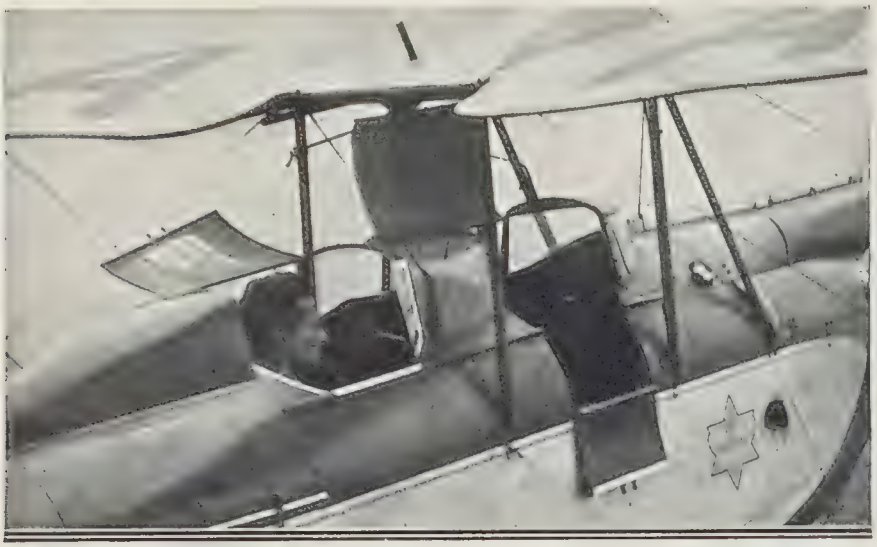
The New NASH "400" SERIES

NASH MOTORS LTD., 30 ST. JOHN'S WOOD ROAD, N.W.8
(OPPOSITE LORD'S).

FLYING NOTES

TOURING the BRITISH ISLES

By CAPT. C. E. WARD



An interesting picture of the first two-seater coupé aeroplane, which is a Moth belonging to Capt. C. de Havilland. Lids come down over the cockpit, protecting both pilot and passenger

ARMED with the slogan "1,000 landing grounds for 1,000 towns," Sir Alan Cobham will set out in the early summer on one of the most ambitious flights he has yet undertaken. This will cover a complete tour of the British Isles, with landings at every important centre, the object being to find out the most suitable sites for aerodromes. A large air liner will be used so that the mayor and corporation may take the air and see their domain from above, and it is expected that the majority will accept Sir Alan Cobham's invitation. Trade by air can come only to those who have prepared for it; scarcely any town in the country is without a suitable site, and many places of small importance at present may quite well become air junctions of the future.

Club News

MR. ARMSTRONG PAYNE, who took his "A" licence quite recently, has raised the height record for the Cinque Ports Club to more than 15,000ft. This gives the other members something to look up to. Members of the Scottish Club at Edinburgh are to get instruction once a week, when a machine will be flown over from Renfrew. Fog, rain, frost and snow still show their contempt for aviation, flying times being reduced to a matter of minutes in some places. Bad weather gives the ground engineers a chance to repair the ravages of wintry landings, so that with the first burst of sunshine all the club machines should immediately be in commission.

Way Down East

THE second flying club to be established in India was opened at the beginning of February in Bengal by Sir Stanley Jackson. The club aerodrome is at Dumdum, Calcutta, where a magnificent bungalow has been equipped as a country club. Two Moths have been presented by the Government of India, which is also paying the club a subsidy for two years on similar lines to those in force over here. The Flying Club of Singapore is now flourishing, with two Moth seaplanes and a further two on the way out in boxes, one of which has been presented by Sir Charles Wakefield. Nine pilots have been trained since September and seven Moths distributed to various private owners throughout Malaya. Singapore is the centre of the Far East, and will be the hopping-off place for Australia when an extension of the Indian air route goes right through.

Flt-Lt. William Henry Pearson Rogers, who was recently married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, to Miss Francesca Bisschop, of Parham House, Tunbridge Wells. Mr. Pearson Rogers is the son of Mrs. George Lunn, whose husband is the Managing Director of George Lunn's Tours, Ltd. Mr and Mrs. Pearson Rogers left for Egypt on February 15, where Mr Pearson Rogers is on Foreign Service

In the States

AT least two British pilots are spreading the good news about British light 'planes in America. Lady Heath flew her Gipsy Moth to Miami, Florida, from New York last month, accompanied by Capt. Lancaster in an Avro Avian. The latter used the same machine which he flew out to Australia with Mrs. Keith Miller last year. Miami, with its three aerodromes spaced evenly round the city, was reached after eighteen hours' flying time. An American girl pilot, Miss Elinore Smith, broke the woman's endurance record on the Avro Avian presented by Lady Heath to Miss Amelia Earhart. She was aloft in very bad weather for over thirteen hours.

Wanted, an Air Mail Poster

THERE is a vacancy at present on our hoardings for a real live poster, something with a kick in it, emphasising the advantages enjoyed by the air-borne letter. The Post Office needs a publicity manager with a knowledge of geography who will give us attractive air stamps and special envelopes so that all this bother with blue labels can be avoided. In Iraq, one of the many countries we have adopted, they are already ahead of us by instituting a ½oz. letter rate for correspondence by air express, and the gain to the State has been considerable.

To Paris de Luxe

NEW aeroplanes now being built at Coventry by Armstrong Siddeleys, which will be put on the Paris service by Imperial Airways in the spring, are to have the last word in comfort and luxury. People who haven't flown lately will be surprised by the absence of noise. Maximum safety has been catered for still further by fitting automatic slots, whilst the various improvements in design will increase the cruising speed to 100 miles an hour. On a very clear day, when the smoke of London is still visible from the air over the French coast, and the Eiffel Tower comes into view soon after passing Abbeville, it doesn't seem to matter if the wind is for or against us. Whether travelling for pleasure or purely as a matter of business, it is unquestionably worth while going by air, if only to get that inspiration from looking down on the world. By the time we have poked that hole under the Channel the air habit will have been acquired. London will still be six uncomfortable hours from Paris in a stuffy train, and by air—who knows?—perhaps only a matter of sixty minutes.

News Illus.

A picturesque photograph of the Garth Hunt moving off from their recent meet at the Wellington Monument, near Heckfield. Jack Frost has been a rude interrupter of hunting this season in all parts of England

Smooth to the lips
are the 'Ivory' Tips

The 'Ivory' Tip is found on one cigarette only, and that is as choice a cigarette as you could wish to smoke—

DE RESZKE

—of course!

10 *for* 6d

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

CARS & CRIMES and CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

By RALPH STRAUS

IF you are a *very* great writer the public, I know, likes to be told what you eat and drink, and how you "think out" your stories, and what your wife (or, more rarely, your husband) thinks about you, and other details of that kind. But is the ordinary novelist more interesting than the butcher or baker or grocer who helps so much to keep him (or, of course, her) alive? No. The man who buys and sells second-hand motor cars is a much more entertaining fellow. He really is interesting, and I know this because I have just learnt all about him in Barbara Blackburn's new novel *Sober Feast* (Secker: 7*s.* 6*d.*). It has almost persuaded me to set up in the business myself.

❋

THIS book is good. It is the sort of light-hearted, good-tempered, witty and wise book that you want to recommend to your friends without having to explain precisely why. By which I mean that it has no astonishingly original tale to tell, and no outstanding figure about whom you want to rave, and yet satisfies every one of your ideas about what a novel ought to be. It unfolds the jolliest panorama, it introduces you to the jolliest people, and it is written in the jolliest way. Moreover, there is a nice little romance nestling snugly amongst the petrol tins and the cars, in the background.

❋

ALTOGETHER a delightfully droll piece of work; and lest Miss Blackburn should accuse me of totally misrepresenting her aims, I hasten to add that a gentle philosophical thread meanders—if a thread can be said to do such a thing—through every one of her chapters. The book may be as light as the proverbial feather, but much thought has gone to its making, and after reading it one wants to read its two predecessors—one of the nicest compliments, I always think, which can be paid to an author.

❋

FROM cars to crime, though not of the "guess-the-villain" kind. To those who can appreciate the bizarre I recommend the curiously named *Seven Days Whipping* (Heinemann: 7*s.* 6*d.*), a first novel—or so I imagine—of an American writer, John Biggs. It is a very strange book, and very beautifully written. A judge goes from his Court to his country-house, where his wife is expecting a baby. He is in "a state of nerves," and to help pass the time he attempts to move some bees to a new hive. While he is at work a terrific storm comes on, and with it there comes to his garden a mysterious Indian carrying—of all unlikely things—a slaughtered deer. The Indian refuses to go away. He is the son of a man whom the judge had sentenced that morning.

A QUEER business, which soon becomes queerer. In the most nightmarish way the judge himself is forced into committing a crime. There is no need to go into details or to hint at the end of the peculiar story. It may be that Mr. Biggs has shirked the most important issue, but he has certainly written a remarkable book. And the only fault about it is its title. Indians do have ridiculous names, but surely Mr. Biggs could have invented one less suggestive of the particular horror which is wholly absent from his book? But that is a

Barbara Blackburn, whose novel, "Sober Feast," published by Secker at 7s. 6d., is reviewed on this page

small point, and it is a pleasure to find a new kind of story told in such excellent prose.

❋

MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES'S new novel *One of Those Ways* (Heinemann: 7*s.* 6*d.*) is also a story of crime without mystery. You know all the while that Prince Oranovsky and Princess Lola Somebody Else are international crooks, and yet you never cease to be curious about them. Even when you understand their pleasant little game on the Riviera with the forged *plaques*, they remain interesting and—a little queer. And it is just with that queerness that Mrs. Lowndes so often scores, for her crooks are not the impossible villains of the provincial stage, but human beings who can behave quite normally when "off parade."

❋

NOT many other writers, I feel, would have created a man like the ex-convict Sussex or a woman like his Russian wife. Yet you know that they must exist. Angela Graham, too, the nice widow who unwittingly plays the crooks' game for them, is not the wax doll usually cast for such *rôles*. Her story may not be frightening like so many of its predecessors, but it makes very good reading.

❋

I CANNOT say the same thing of Ursula Bloom's *Tarnish* (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.*) or of Pamela Frankau's *Three* (Hurst and Blackett: 7*s.* 6*d.*). Somebody told me that *Tarnish* was one of those naughty novels which some of our Sunday critics think so dreadful. But "naughty" is not the right word. I should prefer "unnecessary" or "dull." A girl marries a man with a nasty disease and contracts it herself. When she wants to marry again she tells her lover and he clears off. An original plot? Possibly for this country; but—is such a story worth telling? Such things do occur, of course, but cannot they be left for the medical books? I should have thought so.

❋

THE writing, too, is lacking in all distinction whatsoever, and that is also true of Miss Frankau's story. Here, I admit, there are some clever portraits; but I found it very difficult to become interested in her Italian town with its British colony, where the only thing that seems to matter at all is who is "carrying on" with whom. Scandal can be amusing enough, but it should be retailed with wit and a tincture of scholarship, as in that gorgeous book *South Wind*. Miss Frankau has some sort of a story to tell, but it is rather a feeble business.

❋

IT is a relief to turn to Mr. Christopher Morley, who is one of the most picturesque writers in America to-day. He, I find, is always worth reading, whether he is giving us one of his whimsical novels, or, as in *Off the Deep End* (Heinemann: 7*s.* 6*d.*), a sort of literary pie. Some people fight shy of "essays," I know—probably because they cannot forget those painful experiments in the art of writing them which they were forced to make at school. But they need not be afraid of Mr. Morley. His short papers are no starchified things, but the most appetising potpourri.

❋

HERE, indeed, is a book to be dipped in at random, with plums of the juiciest sort on almost every page. You must learn how Mr. Morley took to painting, and what he found in Oxfordshire, and what they are doing in Geneva these days, and what it means to have an adventure in pink, and who "Rosy" may be, and how a foreigner ought to behave. I hear, by the way, that they are beginning to "collect" Morley, and I am not surprised; he is a really good man.

R. S.

A CHAT ABOUT AUTHORS

MANY nice things are being said about Mr. Anthony Bertram's new war novel, "The Sword Falls," and this is not all he is to be congratulated upon, for his marriage to Miss Barbara Randolph has come at a happy moment.

❋

WHEN she was only sixteen Olive Schreiner began writing "Undine"; yet it was not until after her death that her husband, Mr. S. C. Cronwright-Schreiner, discovered the manuscript of it. Until recently it was thought that "The Story of an African Farm" was the first complete work of this author. "Undine," to be published by Benn's on February 22nd, is a novel of South Africa in the days of the pioneer and should prove interesting.

❋

EDEN PHILLPOTTS once again charms us with his intimate knowledge and love of Devon. "Tryphena" (Hutchinson) is the story of a girl's life from babyhood to womanhood. It tells of her loves and disappointments. A beautiful story.

❋

A COLD-BLOODED murder takes place in a quiet country town; and then—— This thriller, "Inspector Frost's Jigsaw," by Dr. Maynard Smith, will be published by Benn's on February 22nd.

❋

LAST year at the Tailtean Games, a kind of Irish Olympiad, Mr. Monk Gibbon was awarded the Silver Medal, which is regarded as one of the highest literary honours, for his poetry, so his volume of poems entitled "For Daws to Peck At" will be welcomed. The publishers are Victor Gollancz, Ltd.

❋

IN these days when one may read the book, see the film and hear the play, the film industry is being studied more and more by authors and literary people. Among these is Mr. H. G. Wells, who, as a direct outcome of his keen interest in this subject, has written his new book "The King Who Was a King," published by Benn's. This is written in a novel way, and tells a story that at the same time purports to be both scenario and novel.

It opens in an industrial town in America, then moves on to a small Balkan State where sinister forces are planning a war the effects of which may be world-wide. Dangers beset the chief characters, who are typically Wellsian, the King and the beautiful reigning Princess of Saevia, a country nearby, and the sudden choice that is forced on the King gives the book its title. Wells' lovers will love it—the others will not!

Major P. C. Wren, the author of "Beau Geste" and other books on the Foreign Legion which have attained a world-wide popularity

❋

PAUL SCHEBESTA gives us something not quite ordinary in his latest work, "Among the Forest Dwarfs of Malaya." For eighteen months, accompanied only by a Malay servant, he lived among the forest-dwelling Semang dwarf tribes—now fast dying out—and shared their daily life. Some of the inland tribes had not previously seen a white man.

The vivid impression of jungle land, and the story of amazing adventures and discoveries, customs, religious beliefs and general mode of life, along with illustrations, bring home to us the reality of this writer's account of his expedition among these nomadic peoples.

❋

ALL who have read "My Life," by Isadora Duncan, will welcome the story of her life from 1921 to 1927—the time of her tragic death—which is being published by Victor Gollancz, Ltd., under the title "Isadora Duncan's Russian Days" and is written by Irma Duncan, an adopted daughter, and Allan Ross MacDougall, an old friend.

The story of her tour through Russia, her experiences with important Soviet leaders, her unhappy marriage to the poet Essenine, her last tour of America and her later days in Paris, Berlin and the Riviera is told by eye-witnesses. Articles about and by her, as well as a draft of the beginning of her own proposed book on this period, along with photographs, make this an extremely interesting book.

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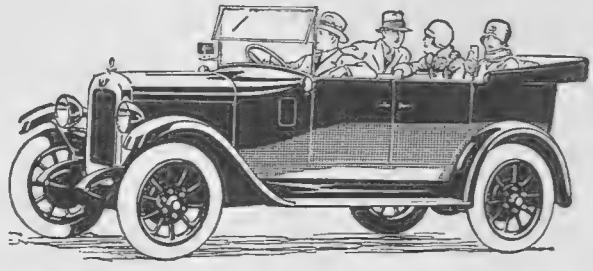

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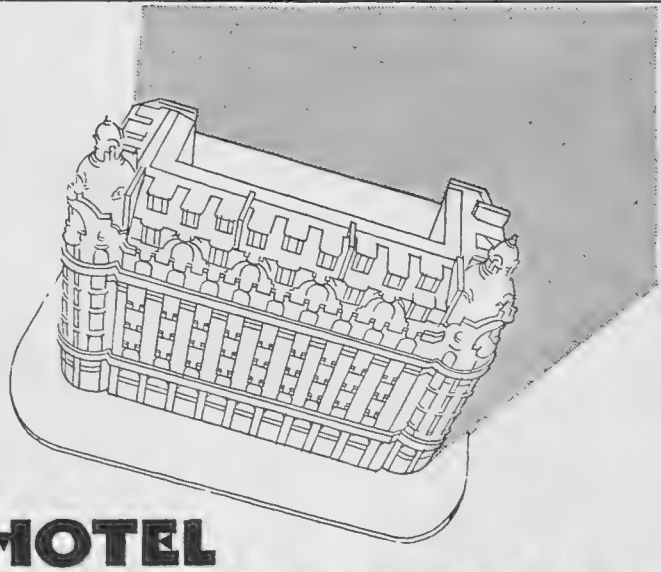

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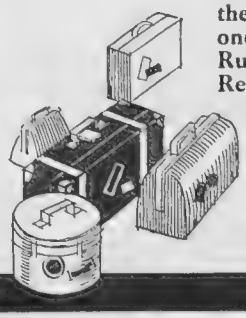

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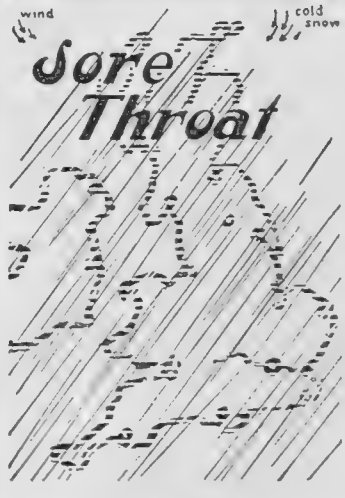
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FASHION'S FANCIES

AN IDEAL OUTFIT FOR GOLF

Specially Sketched by HELEN McKIE

A checked tweed golf suit, in which red predominates. The inset skirt panel is of red stockinette, and so is the high-necked jumper. The coat has a slightly waisted effect and a deep inverted pleat below the shoulders. Consequently the wearer's movements are never hampered

THE newest Sports clothes are so admirably designed that they combine smartness with utility. As soon as the brighter days come the links will provide an animated spectacle, for bright jerseys and bérets are to be worn. Reds and yellows look particularly effective in the country and blend well with tweeds and the fashionable fancy stockinettes in fawny-brown shades. Short coats of suède or leather and coats and skirts of waterproof fabric are indispensable. An interesting feature about them is the zip fasteners all the way down. They appear on skirts as well, hidden beneath a group of pleats at the left side. In play the zipper is pulled half-way up, and the skirt opens to allow extra freedom, while on ordinary occasions it can be worn closed.

Suits like the one illustrated will be seen at the Wentworth Club when "The Bystander" Golf Trophy Competition takes place on March 20. It comes from Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, and has been designed by an expert who boasts a one-figure handicap. The felt hat, the irreproachable shoes and hose, and the clubs, also come from them.

A Celes shirt in lemon yellow, trimmed with crystal buttons. Its essential simplicity of line is enhanced by many rows of stitching

Interesting Accessories

THE woman whose home is in the country has to exercise her ingenuity to a greater extent than she who dwells in a town if she wishes to earn a reputation for being well dressed, for her tailored clothes, by virtue of their correctness and the quality of the materials used, last for a very long time. She has therefore to rely upon carefully chosen accessories for the introduction of variety. Greys, beige, or browns form admirable backgrounds for the gay scarves which are just beginning to make their appearance. The newest kerchief squares, satin one side and *crêpe de Chine* the other, edged with stripes in subtly blended colours, would add interest to the simplest costume. Flag scarves, composed of geometrical pieces of silk in the vivid colours of the various national flags, are extraordinarily smart.

Colourful Coats and Shirts

SHORT *suède* coats are decorative and practical. For golf, when they are specially designed to allow an unfettered swing, they are invaluable. The insistent demand for brightness is often met by the shirts which accompany the newest suits. These are sometimes worn tucked into the skirt, in which case a rather broad belt is worn. Primrose or canary yellow, lime greens, or soft reds will be seen, as well as more sober hues enlivened by empiecements or stripes in multi colours.

A brim which is caught back from the face, a folding hat in flexible straw, and the new low crown allied with a dipping brim are here exploited by Scott's

The Cut that Counts

THE cut is everything where shirts are concerned, for if that be right then the last touch of perfection is added to the ensemble. Celes shirts are chosen by women whose judgment is infallible. The tailoring and designs are perfect; there is an almost bewildering choice of shades, plain or striped, and the requirements of every type have been carefully studied. Made of heavy washing *crêpe*, the one on the left of this page is in lemon yellow, ornamented with rows of stitching, and crystal buttons. The second shirt is carried out in a soft blue, the tucked front being cleverly finished in a novel manner.

Attractive Country Hats

PLIABLE straws and fine felts will share honours in the millinery world, stitched homespun being a rival whose claims, when country hats are being considered, cannot be overlooked. The trio in the centre of this page come from Scott's, 1, Old Bond Street. At the top is a hat of fur felt in mignonette green. The brim is caught back from the face by a Petersham ribbon. Next comes a flexible straw which can safely be rolled up. It is simply trimmed with a fringed band. The fashionable dipping brim is attractively exploited in the last model. It is accentuated by a deep box pleat, while another interesting feature is the new low crown. These hats may be obtained in any colours.

A soft shade of blue has been used for this admirably tailored Celes shirt, an interesting feature being the novel manner in which the tucked vest has been inserted

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All the fabrics named above are produced from Courtaulds' finest Rayon Yarns.

THE GOURMET : : Conducted by EMILIA

Panned Oysters

FOR a score of oysters (which have been rinsed and drained) put into the dish a tablespoonful of butter, a very little salt, a good sprinkling of pepper. Light the lamp under a chafing-dish, and when the butter is hot put in the oysters, cover for a moment or two, stir carefully until the oysters look plump, then serve.

Lobster à la Bordelaise

MELT one heaped tablespoonful of butter in a chafing-dish, and add a tablespoonful of flour, a little salt and cayenne, and stir until smooth. To this add one cupful of cream or milk, and stir until hot. Then put in one cupful of lobster, cut up small, and half a cupful of chopped mushrooms. Put the chafing-dish over hot water, and when the mixture is heated through add the beaten yolks of two eggs and two tablespoonfuls of sherry, and cook until the eggs are set. This should be served on salted wafers.

Eggs and Tomatoes

FREE from pips a large tomato, and mince finely with two slices of onion, add plenty of butter, and salt and pepper to taste, stir well till the onion is quite cooked but not coloured. Then put in four beaten-up eggs, and keep on stirring till the eggs are nearly set. Serve very hot with fried sippets of toast.

A Dance Supper Menu

PANNED OYSTERS.

LOBSTER À LA BORDELAISE.

EGGS AND TOMATOES.

CHICKEN SALAD.

COMPÔTE OF CHESTNUTS.

Chicken Salad

CUT some cold chicken into neat pieces, and let them marinade for an hour in a mixture of oil and vinegar, seasoned with salt, pepper, and chopped tarragon. Then arrange the chicken in a salad-bowl, surround with shredded lettuce, and decorate the whole with hard-boiled eggs in quarters, sliced gherkins, and filleted anchovies. Sprinkle over the mixture in which the chicken was marinaded.

Compôte of Chestnuts

REMOVE the outer skins of some chestnuts, and place them in a pan of cold water. Bring to the boil, and then remove the second skin. Make a syrup with a breakfastcupful of water ¼ lb. of sugar, a glass of sherry, and the juice of a lemon. Simmer the chestnuts in this for twenty minutes. Strain the syrup. Place the chestnuts in a dish, pour the syrup over, and serve cold.

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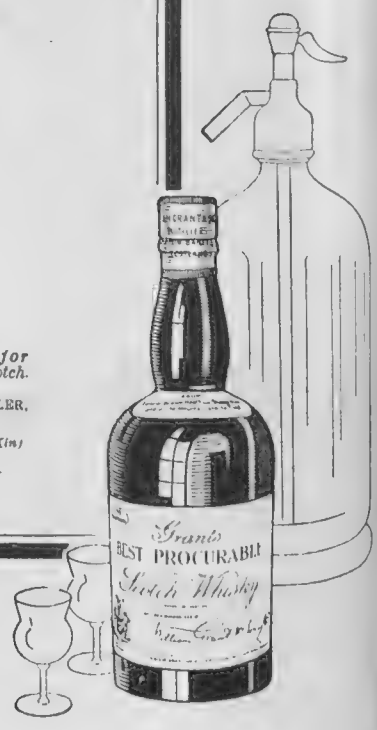

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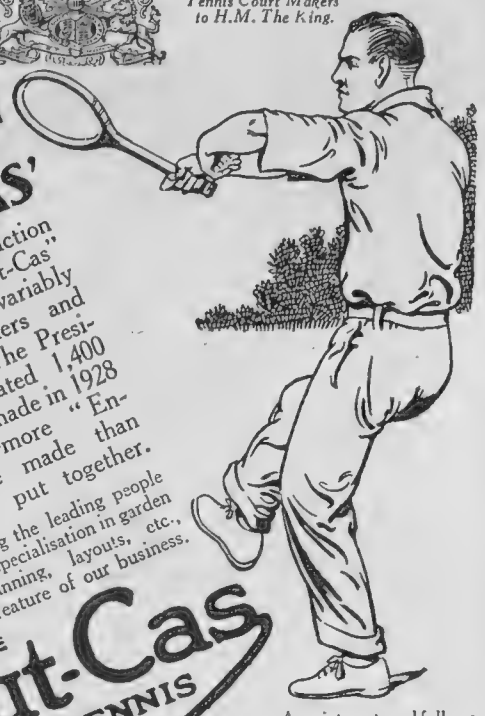

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seems to become part of the foot from the first moment's wear—you are conscious only of a light "shoeless" feeling.

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

From Torquay to Deutschland

The Palace Hotel, Torquay, is renowned for its comforts and brightness, and a feature of the festivities held there last Christmas was the organisation of a balloon race. Some hundred and forty balloons were despatched at the same time from the roof of the hotel; the balloons were of all colours, thus making a delightful picture against a winter sky. The first prize has recently been awarded to Miss Morse, as the guest whose balloon travelled the longest distance (590 miles), and a prize has also been awarded to the finder, a resident of Soltau, Germany, where the balloon was picked up.

Westminster Bank

The annual general meeting of the Westminster Bank was held recently at the Head Office, Lothbury, E.C. Mr. R. Hugh Tennant (the chairman) presided. The chairman, in referring at the outset to important alterations in the general management, said that in the recent premature death of Mr. F. Lees the bank had to mourn the loss of an able and lovable member of the general management of the bank. Alluding to the economic position of the country and of the world at large, the chairman said that the year had been disappointing in many respects, summed up in the fact that the ranks of the unemployed had increased by 14.4 per cent. on the year. As to the prospects for the present year, he, the chairman, did not propose to be drawn into the realm of prophesying.

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at any moment without labour, dust or smoke with a CARRON ELECTRIC FIRE

By Appointment Ironfounders to H.M. the King.

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Holbourne's were the first to offer these great facilities to both men and women for keeping well dressed by out-of-income payments. We invite you to visit our spacious salons where one of the finest displays of ladies' fashions in London's shopping world are displayed for selection. We have an extensive range of models in all qualities and prices. You pay no extras for enjoying these purchase facilities, while payment of the first instalment secures delivery to all approved accounts.

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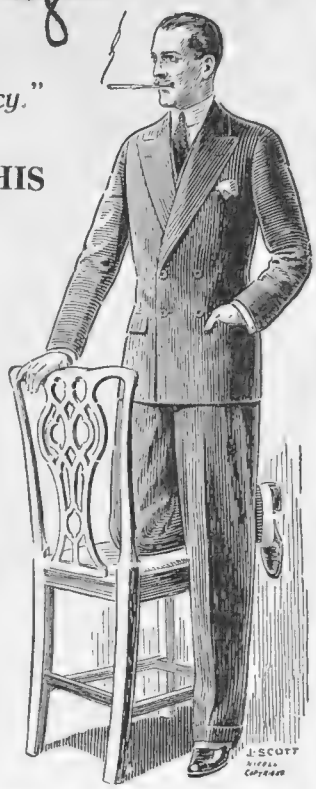

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built to your measures by expert craftsmen, can be strongly recommended.

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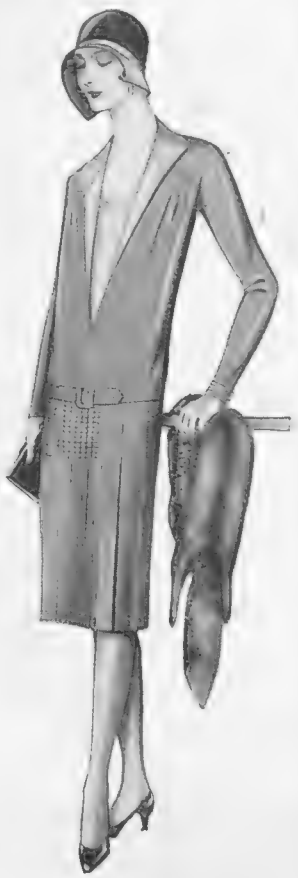

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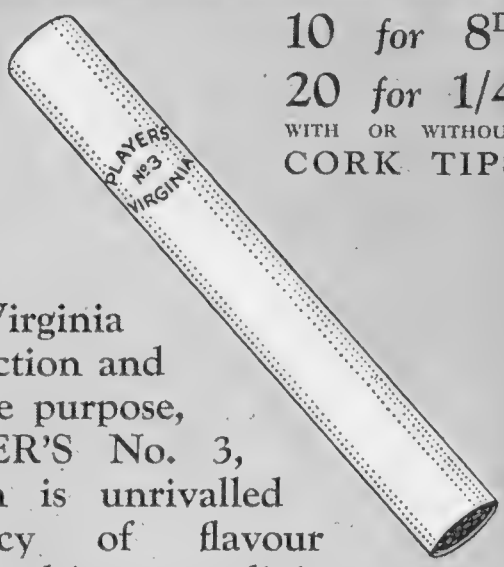

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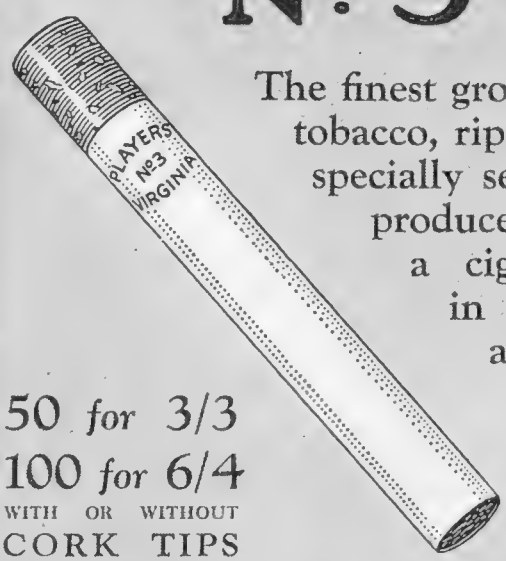

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CHARMING FROCK in red/white crêpe de Chine, for wearing under the above coat.

Size for 2 years, 18 in.	- -	79/6
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Hat to match, 63/9. **Straw Hats** in red or red/white also in stock.

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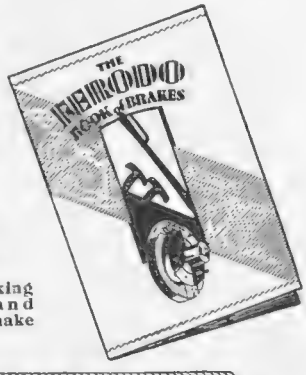

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JOHN & JAMES BUCHANAN
GLASGOW & LONDON Limited
SCOTIA DISTILLERY, ARGYLESHIRE

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IT may be that Spring, having decided that Torquay is a very nice front door to the rest of England, always stays there a little while plucking up her courage eventually to brave King Winter in his Dartmoor & Exmoor fastness.

It is very certain that something of the kind happens. Lots of people have known it for years, and since the Palace gave Torquay a real all-the-year-round hotel, lots more come to enjoy the early Springtime of the English Riviera and the unique advantages of Britain's Most Beautiful Guest House.

The terms include golf, tennis, squash, badminton, swimming in the new enclosed pool, dancing, cinema and entertainments. There are no extras whatever. 32-page brochure on request.

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Britains Most Beautiful Guest House

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Price **45/9**

Size 15 ins. Price 49/6.

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Floral Crêpe de Chine Tea Frock, *well cut with new adjustable hip line ending in long sash of self material which ties to fit the figure, and finely pleated scalloped skirt and long sleeves. In a dainty mixture of colourings.*

PRICE

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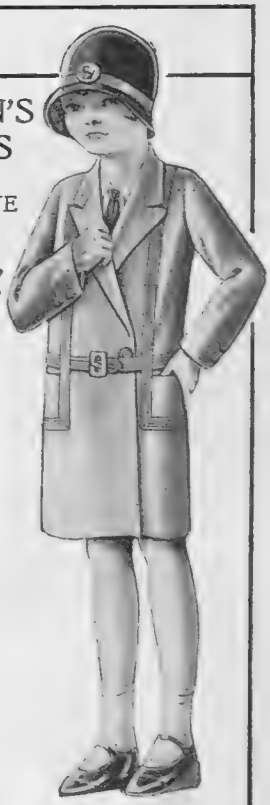

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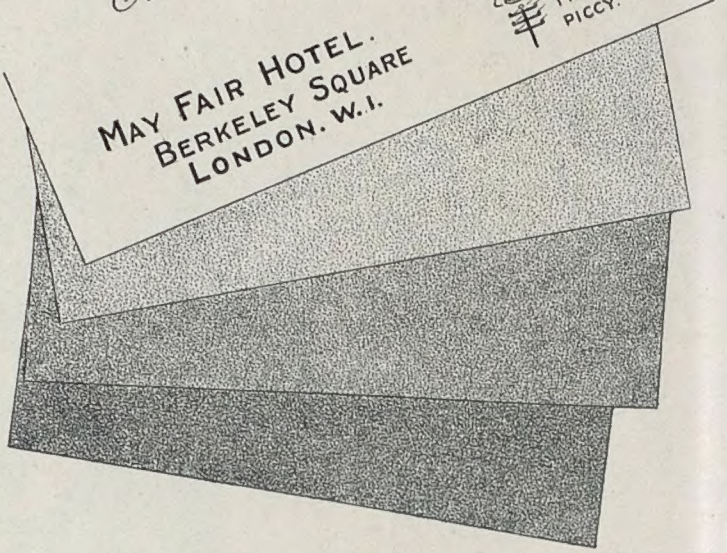

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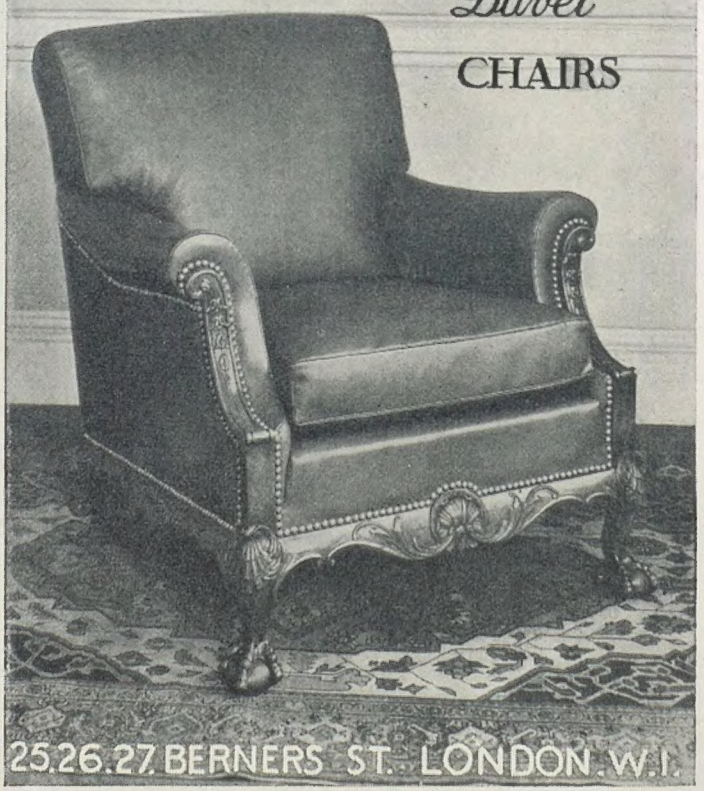

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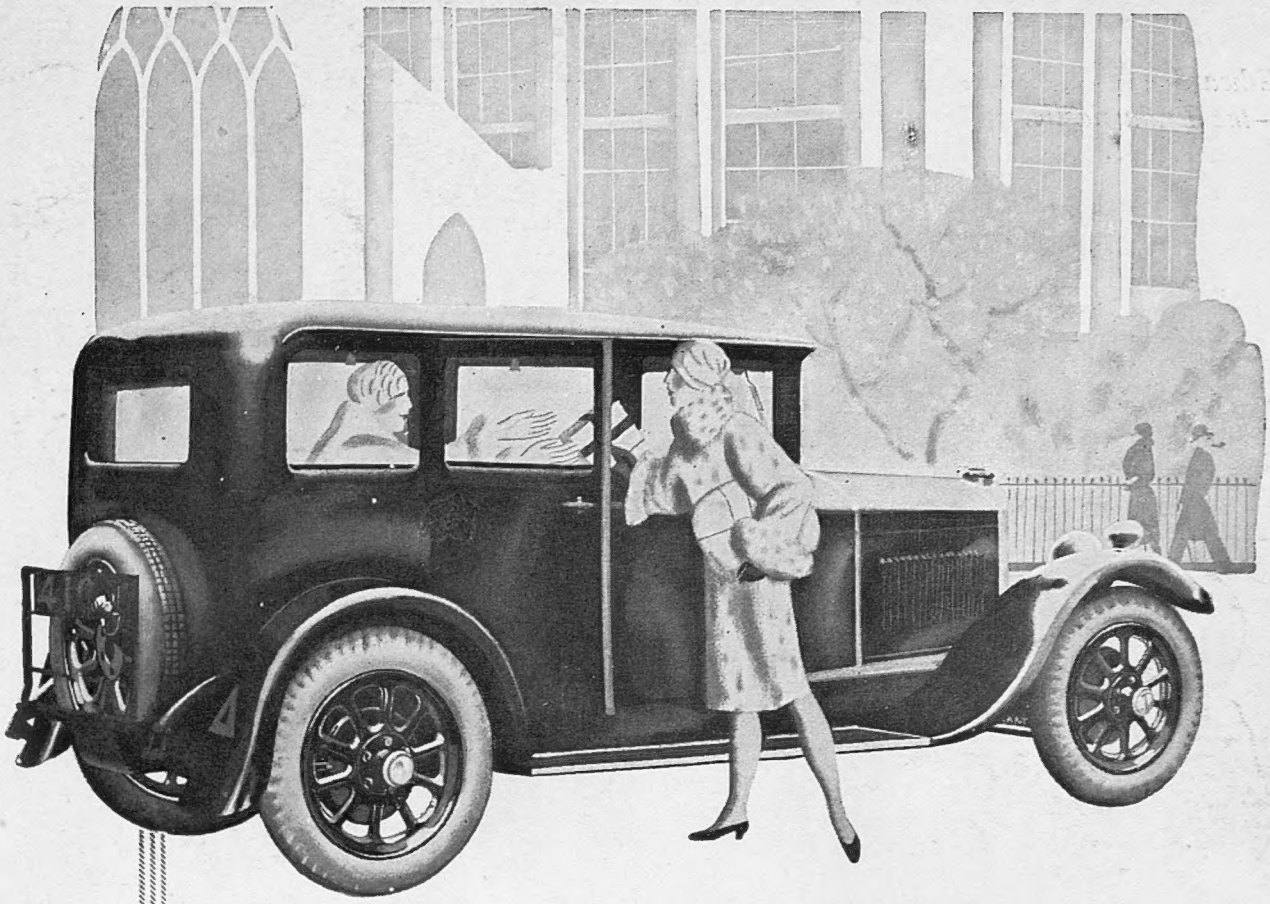

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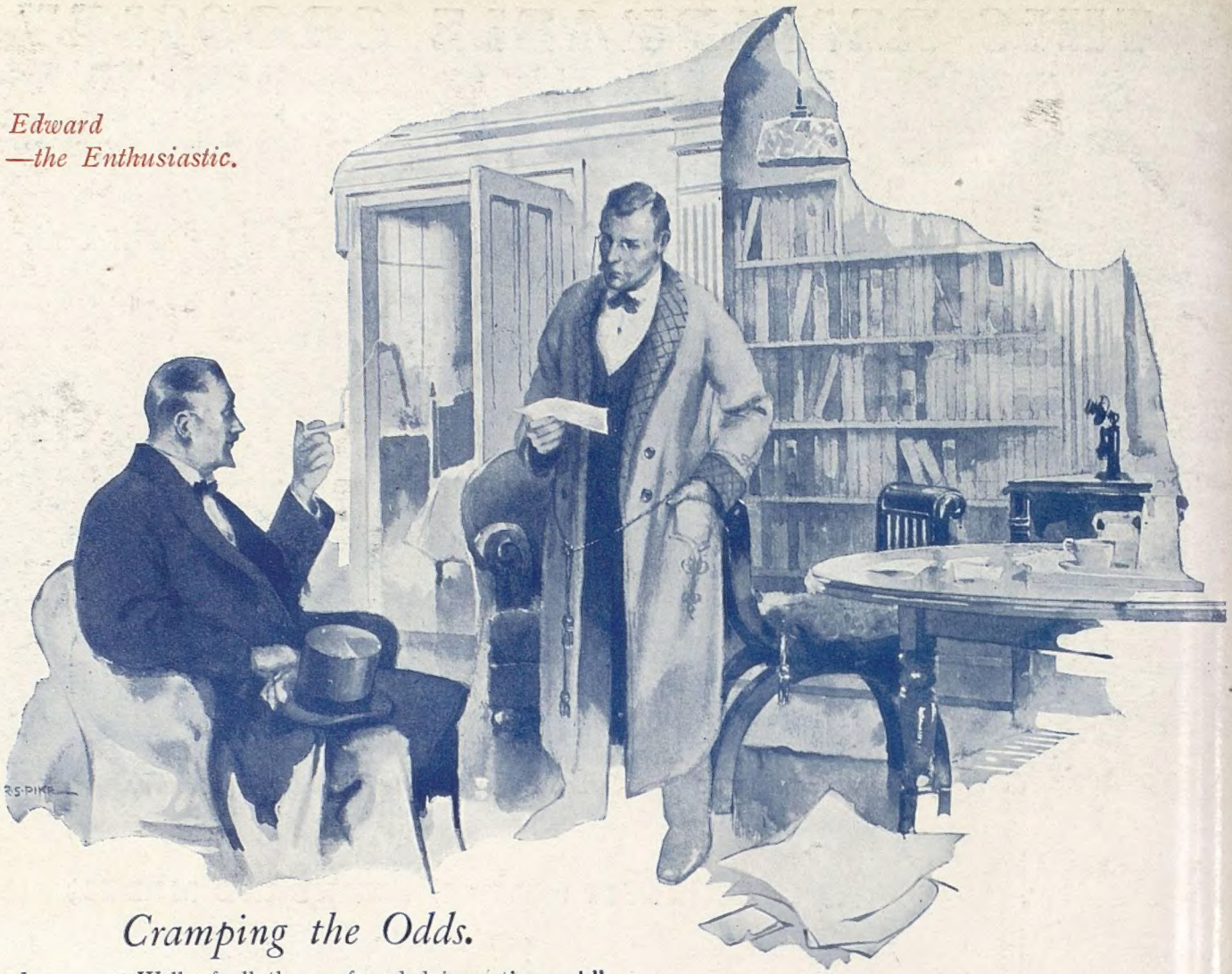

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